

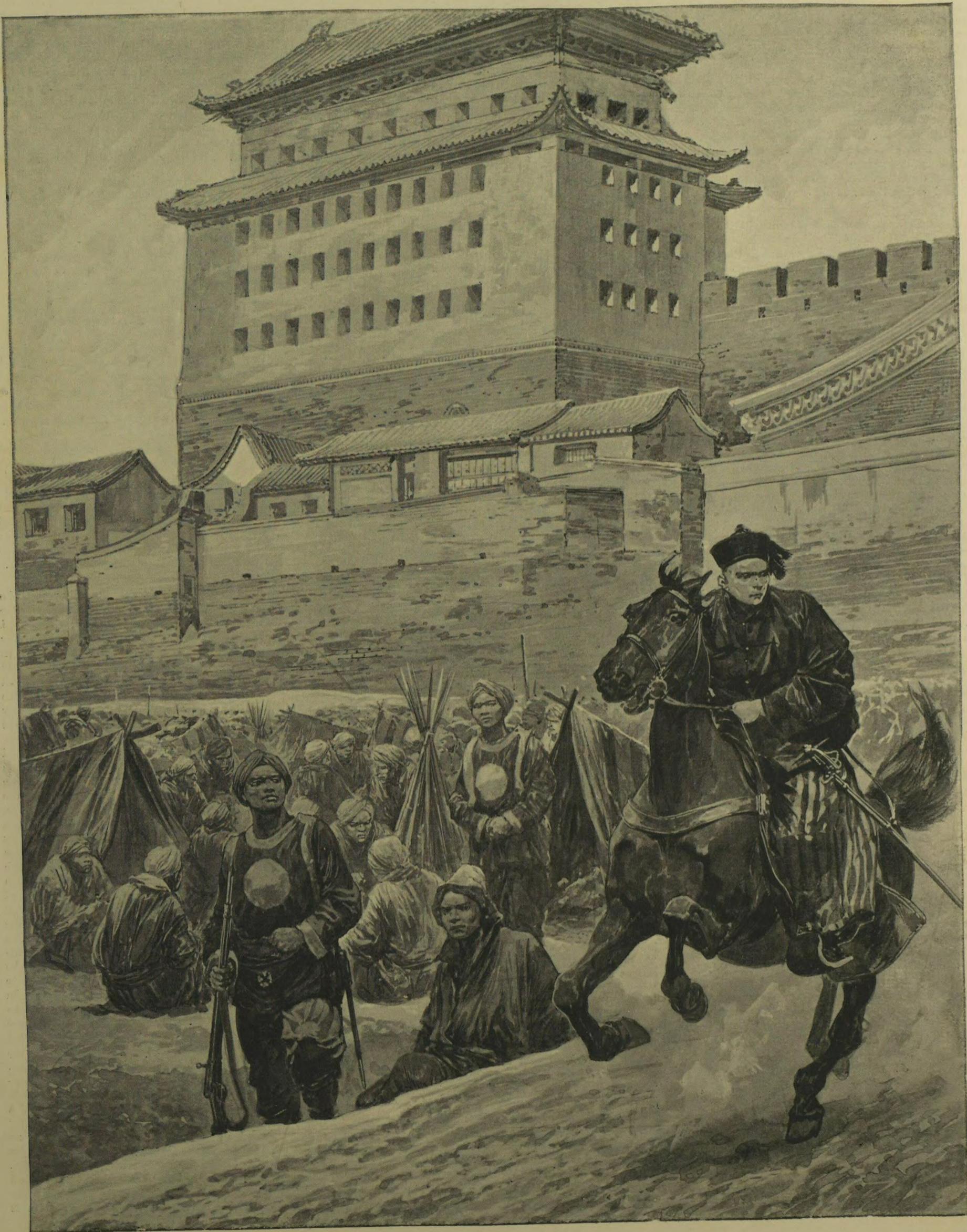
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OUTSIDE PEKIN.—FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There is a controversy going on in the *Spectator* as to whether children are humorous or not. One writer says that though they have "fun" they have no sense of incongruity, or what Carlyle calls "a sympathy with the seamy side of things." In my experience they have plenty of the latter, and in a marked degree, but very little humour. When they grow older they have less, and, indeed, a dull boy resents nothing so much as the development of that faculty in a junior. This discouragement, which is also met with from adults (except in certain quarters, which are supposed to be "inclined to spoil that child"), no doubt diminishes the crop. I have noticed that a humorous father has generally among his offspring a humorous child or two, but while we are small, freedom of expression is denied to us. A very little chap, whose father was full of fun, once remarked to me, "Papa says that this is a free country, but it is not free to me." There was a certain pathos in the observation which struck me as being a true note of humour. A dear little fellow, who will one day be a judge for certain, and has already the gravity of that office, was staying with me in the country, in the custody of his aunt. It was proposed that he should walk into the neighbouring town with his nurse and see the shops. "But I am afraid you have a little cold," said his relative, doubtfully. "No auntie, I have no cold—and no money." Here was not only a sympathy with the seamy side of things, but a fine sense of incongruity—namely, in going to see shops without having the means of purchasing anything.

Little children's humour is, of course, for the most part unconscious, and is only recognised as such by their seniors. Still there is, now and then, a sly look upon the little faces that tells its tale. A very small child of my acquaintance, upon repeating the Lord's Prayer for the second time, observed, with a wag of his head and a wink of his eye: "No, no, not *Thy* will be done; it is baby's choose this time." He thought, quite honestly, that it should be a case of turn and turn about. I once overheard a conversation between two little dots in a railway carriage, at which I hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry; there were, indeed, two dots and a half—the latter an infant whom his little sisters could not sufficiently admire and revere. There was a funeral cortège going by the train which excited their attention and turned their thoughts to a very unaccustomed subject. "It must be a dreadful thing for anybody to be dead," said the younger; "in this carriage, for instance." "Yes, and the worst of all would be the death rattle." "Oh, that we shouldn't mind, because, you see, it would amuse the baby." This seemed to me a very grim piece of humour indeed, but it evidently struck neither speaker in that light. It is this touching ignorance which gives the complement of pathos to children's humour, but it also often heightens the mere fun of it. I remember on one occasion, when we were being driven out of our London house by the painters and cleaners, the following theological inquiry being made by my youngest born: "Where do the people in Heaven go to when *that* is being whitewashed?" Children use much more observation than they are credited with, and sometimes express themselves with much happiness and ingenuity. Upon a little child of my acquaintance being taken to church for the first time, and perceiving the doctor (as usual) to be called away, she whispered to her mother, "There's a man broke loose!" as though he had achieved his liberty ere the priest had "let him depart." A five-year-old logician was once worrying her excellent mother in my hearing about the omniscience and ubiquity of Conscience. "She knows everything you say, and is everywhere?" "Well, yes, my dear, she is everywhere." "Then she is in this ink-bottle, and I've corked her up; we will have no more of Miss Conscience."

Popular authors are not slow to let us know how their merits are recognised by the world at large, independently of the ordinary organs of criticism. This is not surprising, since a voluntary act of acknowledgement is naturally something more to boast about than one that occurs in the course of business. These unsought tributes are not only gratifying to the writers to whom they are addressed, but do credit to human nature. It requires a certain exertion, distasteful to most of us, to sit down and write a letter to a stranger about his own affairs, and that this is so constantly done shows a delicate sense of gratitude. The recipient, while welcoming such compliments very warmly, often feels it a reproach to himself. Were our positions reversed, he reflects, should I take the trouble to tell a man personally unknown to me what profit or pleasure I had derived from reading his works? It is possible that some of these epistles of approbation may be wanting in genuineness—the mere offspring of idleness, or a device for obtaining an autograph—but the majority of them are the wholesome expressions of simple and honest natures, and form the most pleasant rewards to those who have obtained the ear not only of their fellow-countrymen, but of many a dweller beyond seas.

We hear a good deal from time to time of the arrival of these *billet doux* of literature, and read selections from them in the biographies of eminent persons, but as the

little child in the churchyard was moved to inquire where the wicked people were buried, so one cannot help asking oneself, "What has become of the disagreeable letters received by popular authors?" Of these one hears and reads very little indeed. They are not, let us hope, so numerous as the pleasant ones, but they are quite numerous enough for the popular author. They often annoy him much more than he cares to admit, though as a rule there is no reason why they should do so. It is possible that by his pictures of vice he may justly have excited indignation and deserved chastisement, but if he knows himself to be innocent, it is weakness indeed in him to be put about by such things. For just as none but a gentle nature would sit down to express his obligations to a stranger, so none but a morose one would make an unprovoked attack upon him, and especially (as is almost universally the case) an anonymous one. Still, a genuine collection of denunciatory epistles addressed to popular authors would, I am sure, be received with acclamation. They are comparatively rare, because most of them are thrown into the fire on arrival, but some of them of a peculiarly "nasty" nature are here and there preserved as specimens. Charles Dickens—probably the least deserving of such productions—had hundreds of these epistles, which he took by no means in the sense in which they were intended; indeed, they ministered to his sense of humour. The more savage onslaughts came from religious fanatics. Though no man did more than he to nourish and encourage practical Christianity, they could not stand his anti-Sabbatarian views, and when he made the bells say "They won't come, they won't come," he passed out of the pale of forgiveness. As an example of what this sort of correspondent is capable, I quote the very last specimen received. It was addressed to a novelist of the mildest character, whose stories would be described by the ordinary reader as not only "deficient in devilry" but moral almost to the verge of milk and water. Not a coarse expression or a vicious scene is, so far as I know, to be found in his pretty voluminous works; nothing to bring a blush to the cheek, I should have thought, of even a member of a vigilance committee; yet his last production has made, apparently, someone as red as a peony. I have read the work myself, and am absolutely unable to detect where the wickedness comes in. It is true there occurs in it a fall from female innocence, such as forms the subject of "The Heart of Midlothian," but alluded to, if possible, with still greater delicacy and reserve. Indeed, by contrast, the masterpiece of Scott may be considered coarse, and would, without doubt, have fallen into worse condemnation. This is the letter that the astonished story-teller has received from an anonymous "Parent": "God has blessed me with a family, and I desire to keep them and my household pure. May God forgive you for defiling so many!" It is possible, of course, that these words may emanate from a prurient mind which delights in finding filth even in purity; but my impression is, from the familiar and unnecessary use of the name of the Creator, that they are the offspring of genuine fanaticism.

Where authors are most often and most justly rapped over the knuckles is for misquotation. Not even the best of them are free from this vice; it grows upon them with their years, for as we become old we become indolent, and trust to our memories rather than consult books of reference; and, unfortunately, our memories are not so good as they used to be. Dr. Samuel Cox has lately arraigned many living authors upon this charge, not even excluding that humble individual, the present writer. In a single story, he says, I betray an ignorance of Scripture for which I would infallibly be plucked at any examination for Sunday scholars. It appears that I attributed the ignorance of "the way of a ship in the midst of the sea," described in Proverbs, to Solomon instead of Agur. I know more about Agur than most people, for I know his Buildings.

"I call them Agur's Buildings," their proprietor informed me, "because his prayer was neither for riches nor poverty, and these houses are intended for middle-class people." But I confess I did not take note that his part as collaborator with the wisest of men began at the very chapter in which this unhappy quotation about the ship occurs. Still, Solomon has been so long the predominant partner in that firm that it seems no great error in speaking of Proverbs to ascribe to him the sole authorship. A more serious accusation is that I speak somewhere of the line "In the midst of life we are in death" as though it were in the Bible instead of the Prayer-Book. These little errors pale into insignificance, I am glad to say, with some misquotations of greater men cited by the reverend Doctor. The most curious is, perhaps, the famous reference of John Bright to the Cave of Adullam. This was confused by some people with the cave of Aladdin in "The Arabian Nights," and was recognised, as regards its true history, by no one—not even, it seems, by the orator himself. "Think of the risk he ran if Mr. Horsman or Mr. Lowe [the persons he was denouncing] had known their Bible well enough to remind the House that after all, the *true* Israel was gathered in the cave of Adullam; that everyone in distress and everyone that was discontented were so through the political wrongs inflicted by an intolerable tyranny: the laugh would have been turned the other way." Indeed, if the Doctor is right in his view of the

matter, the term "cave," instead of being, as it still is, a synonym for mutiny and disaffection, should be a very respectable place of residence.

To write of Oliver Wendell Holmes in a paragraph demands compression beyond my skill. Even to enumerate the diversities of his genius requires space; for it may be not only said that he tried every mode of the lyre and mastered them all, but was no less distinguished as a prose writer. As a novelist, indeed, he was not very successful; but as a poet and essayist he exhibited a variety of thought as well as style, and the most of it excellent, such as no other author has excelled. He was one of those very few writers whom the reader feels to be his friend; his personality, as represented by his pen, was most engaging; without ever being slipshod, his style was conversational and held you, as a fine talker holds his company. So voluminous an author cannot but be unequal, but considering the quantity of his work the quality was marvellous. Moreover, he had an unrivalled gift for adorning the most commonplace topics: if a parish vestry had asked him to immortalise their proceedings in verse, he would have succeeded much better than most poets with an heroic topic. At his best (that is, in his lyrics) his productions were of the highest order; age did not weaken his power, and, indeed, in many cases gave them depth and pathos. Who that has read it, and has himself fallen into the vale of years, can ever forget the haunting charm of "The Last Leaf"?

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

If I were asked to quote the verse of Oliver Wendell Holmes that, next to the above, most clings to my mind, it would be one of a very different kind—

I have looked on the face of the Bore,
The voice of the Simple I know,
I have welcomed the Flat to my door,
I have sat by the side of the Slow.

Perhaps I admire it so much because an emendation of mine of "dolt" for "flat" (since the latter word is generally connected with some hope of gain) was received with favour; but, at all events, it is in strong contrast to its predecessor, and may be taken as an example of the wide range, "from grave to gay," of the author's genius.

It is, I suppose, wrong and uncharitable to be pleased when an engineer in the enemy's pay is hoist with his own petard; but I confess when I read that a bull-baiter has been tossed by a bull I feel a positive satisfaction. There is a certain poetical justice in the account of that Mexican bull-fight the other day, when the infuriated animal, after disposing of the matador, leapt over the barrier and "went for" the audience. No bull in a chinashop ever made more of his time, or less of his materials.

It is during the Silly Season that the silly people who send us newspapers with no mark on them to signify the reason do increase and multiply. The cause of this is, I think, that they wish to call attention to their own silly letters, which find admission only during the recess, but which they have the grace to shrink from more directly intruding upon us. They flatter themselves that we shall recognise their style in that of the correspondent who signs himself "A Constant Reader" or "A Subscriber from the First," and that it will have a personal interest for us, in addition to its claim to literary merit. I say, I think this must be the cause, though, as I should as soon dream of reading the correspondence column as the list of advertisements, I cannot be sure. There are, at all events, few things more irritating than the arrival of a gigantic newspaper addressed to ourselves, and containing, so far as we can discover, not the faintest ray of interest. If the sending of it is a joke it is a very poor one, and has been worn threadbare since newspapers were invented. It may be asked why the recipient is such a fool as to be caught by so sorry a bait, but poor human nature is but what it is, and Hope is ever the survivor of Experience. The paper *may* have something in it which concerns us nearly; it may be the one opportunity of calling our attention to the fact of our being next-of-kin to a recently deceased millionaire. In one case where I recognised the handwriting of the sender, and knew him to be an excellent man of business, I felt that he would not have excited my expectations for nothing, and wrote to him to say so. He wrote back regretfully to say that he had flattered himself (though, as it seemed, groundlessly) that the obituary notice of his uncle would have attracted my attention. I replied, with genuine feeling, that the world could have better afforded to lose a younger man. It is, as I have said, an ancient grievance, but a flagrant—nay, may not one say a rabid?—example of it has just taken place, in my own experience, in the receipt of a newspaper with the paragraph obviously intended for my eyes neatly cut out of it. The intelligent sender, no doubt, intended to send me *that*, and to put the newspaper into the fire, but what he did do was just the contrary. Comment is superfluous, but what makes these wicked wretches more unpardonable is that the Post Office now permits the number of the page to which attention is sought to be drawn to be written on the address.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Before the month closes a serious responsibility, and one of vital importance to the amusements of the people, will be thrown upon the full body of the London County Council in civil Parliament assembled. They will have to decide once and for all if our legitimate pleasures and relaxations are to be handed over to the care of the extremist party, which conscientiously and avowedly looks upon all pleasure, and the theatre in particular, as a mortal sin; or if the pleasures of the largest capital in the world may not be better administered by men of broader, more manly, and more English views, who have more toleration, more knowledge of the world, and, as I presume, far more common-sense. The fire has been smouldering for some time. I have watched it carefully and with considerable anxiety for many years. It did not much matter whether it arose about the Empire or the Palace or the Alhambra, or any particular variety theatre or music-hall; it was bound to come as part of the determined policy of a set of men and women who, if the truth be told, would put down every form of pleasure in the same spirit as the pleasure and stage plays of England were put down by the Puritans of old. We all know what came of that agitation, and some us do not very much care for a new Puritan crusade against pleasure, to be followed by the inevitable license of the Restoration. Strip this question of all its tinsel and its embroidery, its debates whether this promenade or that is to be disturbed, whether men and women are to drink openly before their fellow-creatures or congregated at a bar, whether when they amuse themselves the public are to walk about or sit down—take away all these sidelights of the question, and you will find yourself face to face with the two glaring absurdities of the whole matter. The first is the contention that pleasure is *ipso facto* sinful. The second is that in a city as vast as London a well-known and recognised social evil can be stamped out like the slave trade—which, by-the-way, is not stamped out. I am speaking now by the card. A very few years ago one of the most prominent members of the Purity and Vigilance party came to me and said, in so many words, "We intend to abolish the theatre and the music-hall altogether!" He spoke warmly; he declared his conscientious conviction was that pleasure is a sin; he vowed he would root it out if he could, and received in astonishment my firm and unalterable belief that in the wholesome amusements and pleasures and recreations of the people eventually come sweetnes, light, and the wholesome religion of charity, kindness, and goodwill.

When it was decided that the licensing of our theatres, music-halls, plays, and places of public entertainment was to be taken out of the hands of the magistrates, who, on the whole, did their work remarkably well and without friction, I ventured to advocate most strongly the repeal of all the old contradictory and vexatious Amusement Acts of Parliament, the creation of something like order out of chaos, and the establishment of some central board or Government department which would direct, govern, and inspect every place of amusement in England, tarring them all with the same brush and getting something like consistency for the first time. Some of us thought that this good thing might be done in two ways. Either by forming a special department under the Home Secretary to administer a new Act of Parliament, and to be assisted by qualified inspectors of amusement, just as there are inspectors of mines, factories, and so on. But the Home Secretary would have nothing to do with the matter. The other alternative was to enlarge the scope and duties of the Lord Chamberlain's office, where there would be a most excellent and experienced Under-Secretary of State in Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, who knows more about the amusements of the people than any man of his day—a man of the world, a popular man in whom everyone would have confidence. At his right-hand side would be the present able, courteous, and liberal Examiner of Stage Plays and the various inspectors, who would report to the Lord Chamberlain, with increased power as Secretary of State. But that was not to be. The Lord Chamberlain was as little anxious to take up new duties and responsibilities as the Home Secretary; so we saw looming in the distance the red danger-signal of the London County Council. Day by day it was getting more inevitable. We asked for a Royal Commission on the Amusements of the People; all we got was another House of Commons Committee, whose report—a very just and able one—is, like that of its predecessors, in the waste-paper basket. Not a scrap of popular legislation has sprung from it, at any rate. So the amusements of the people fell inevitably to the County Council. Even then we had a glimmer of hope. Several elected and appointed members of the Council had very special and direct qualifications for looking after the interest of theatres, music-halls, and the public. Among them were Mr. Alderman Routledge, Sir Augustus Harris, Major Probyn, Mr. Walter Emden, and many more. But what followed? These liberal-minded gentlemen, all theatre-goers and believing in the health and value of

well directed amusement, knew too much of the subject entrusted to them. They were experts, and, according to the London County Council, no expert is necessary for a technical committee. At any rate, they were not members of any Vigilance or Purity Society. So one by one they went off the committee, these experts, and their places were taken by men able and conscientious, no doubt, but the major part of them believing in their hearts that amusement is sinful, and as such ought to be put down or restricted. It is not too late to repair the error recently made by those who know absolutely nothing of the subject they are discussing. It can be done in two ways. First, by the full Council reversing the decision of its Licensing Committee; and secondly, by reconstituting the committee, and appointing to it those who tolerate and enjoy amusement, and not those who hate it.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE RUSSIAN COUNCIL OF REGENCY.

We believe there is no one, in any country of Europe, acquainted with Continental politics, and disposed to value international peace and social tranquillity, who does not earnestly wish that the Emperor Alexander III. may be restored to health, and may live and reign for many years. Some of the worst reports concerning the nature of his

many temples; and the Tzu-chin-Cheng, or Forbidden City, with its pink ramparts, containing the palaces and gardens of the Emperor, who dwells in seclusion. There are, too, the enclosed parks, lawns, and groves of the Temple of Heaven, the Temples of the Sun and Moon, and the Temple of Agriculture, where symbolic religious rites are performed by the Emperor at the yearly solemn festivals. The imperial abode and the official quarter are located in the Tartar portion of Pekin; the reigning dynasty being, in fact, not Chinese but Mantchu Tartar; and Tartar it has been ever since Genghiz Khan's conquest of China in 1215. His grandson, Kublai Khan, visited by Marco Polo, built in 1264 the city which was called Cambalu by the old European traveller, on the site of this part of Pekin. It would terribly upset the ancient constitution of the Empire if the Japanese army should break into these august and sacred precincts; but we do not apprehend so great a calamity; and with 16,000 or 18,000 guards, a popular insurrection is even less to be feared.

THE 1ST PRUSSIAN FOOT-GUARDS.

As German Emperor, William II. has no Life-Guards, but as King of Prussia, his Majesty has one of the finest corps of that class belonging to European sovereigns. The 1st Regiment of the Foot-Guards is notable in the military history of that monarchy; among its officers are the most illustrious Princes, each Prussian King having, from his youth, served thus in his turn; and the biggest and strongest men of North Germany who are qualified by aristocratic birth for such a commission. Our Illustration, from a photograph which has been communicated to us by a Prussian nobleman, represents the assembly of these officers, with a boy, twelve years of age, no other than the Imperial Crown Prince Frederick William, in the centre, having the son of Prince Albert of Prussia on the left hand. On the right hand is Captain Von Plüskow, 7 ft. 2 in. of stature, the tallest officer of the German army.

MADAGASCAR.

The French demands, to be enforced by a military expedition in case of the refusal of M. Le Myre de Vilers' proposals, upon the Hova Kingdom of Madagascar have become a topic of political speculation. Of that large island, situated in the Indian Ocean two or three hundred miles off the east coast of Africa, the central portion is occupied by the Hovas, a partially civilised nation, allied rather to the Malay Asiatic than to any African race, and numbering about one million. The other native races are the Sakalavas, in the west, a population nearly equal in numbers to the Hovas, but reckoned barbarous, the Betsileos in the south, the Sakaras, and two or three lesser tribes. The Hova capital, Antananarivo, is a city of 100,000 inhabitants, but is not easy of access from Tamatave, the chief port on the east coast. Queen Ranavalona III., a lady thirty-three years of age, is married to her Prime Minister, Rainilaiarivony, who is the actual ruler; but there is a French Protectorate, formally recognised by British diplomacy four years ago, and the French Resident-General, with a small military escort, not only forbids the Hovas to negotiate with foreign Powers, but controls affairs of government. The tribal chiefs manage provincial matters. The Hova army consists of 20,000 trained infantry, with modern

rifles and artillery, besides militia which would raise the forces to 50,000 men. The country is almost destitute of roads, and much of it consists of rugged hill-ranges overgrown with dense forests, but the soil of the valleys and plains is fertile, and there is abundance of metallic ores. Madagascar has some trade with France, England, and the United States, much increased during the past ten years. The French insular colonies of Réunion, Mayotte, and the Comoro Islands, with the ports of Diego Suarez, Nossi-Bé, and St. Marie, on the north and west coasts of Madagascar, are regarded as advantageous posts for commerce.

PROGRESS OF THE JAPANESE ARMY.

Few instances of rapid change in the adoption of new methods and practices and fashions in all history, ancient and modern, have been more remarkable than the transformation of Japan, within less than thirty years, from a singularly sequestered State, under the rule of barbarian feudal chiefs with the Shiogoon or Tycoon at their head, to a compact and vigorous national monarchy, with a Parliament of democratic complexion, and with an administrative system which bears comparison with those of European States.

It may safely be averred that the great change now going on is not confined to the art of war, but extends to all the elements of civilisation. Yet our Illustrations of the strikingly different fashions of uniform and equipment of Japanese troops, at successive periods of the last quarter of a century, show what a strange alteration has taken place in the aspect of the army, the most conspicuous and still the most necessary department of national State service. This army is well trained, well officered, and we now see how well it can fight.

THE WALLS OF PEKIN.

The capital of the Chinese Empire is a city of more than three-quarters of a million inhabitants, quadrangular in form, enclosed by huge walls, 50 ft. high in some parts, and nearly as broad, having a circuit of twenty-one miles, with projecting bastions and gate-towers, built in the fifteenth century. Within this enclosure are the separate Chinese and Tartar cities, with their own walls and gates; the Hwang-Cheng, or Imperial City, containing the Government offices, residences of princes and nobles, and



THE MANCHESTER WATERWORKS: TURNING ON THE WATER FROM THIRLmere INTO THE MANCHESTER MAINS.

From a Photograph by Mr. R. Banks, Manchester.

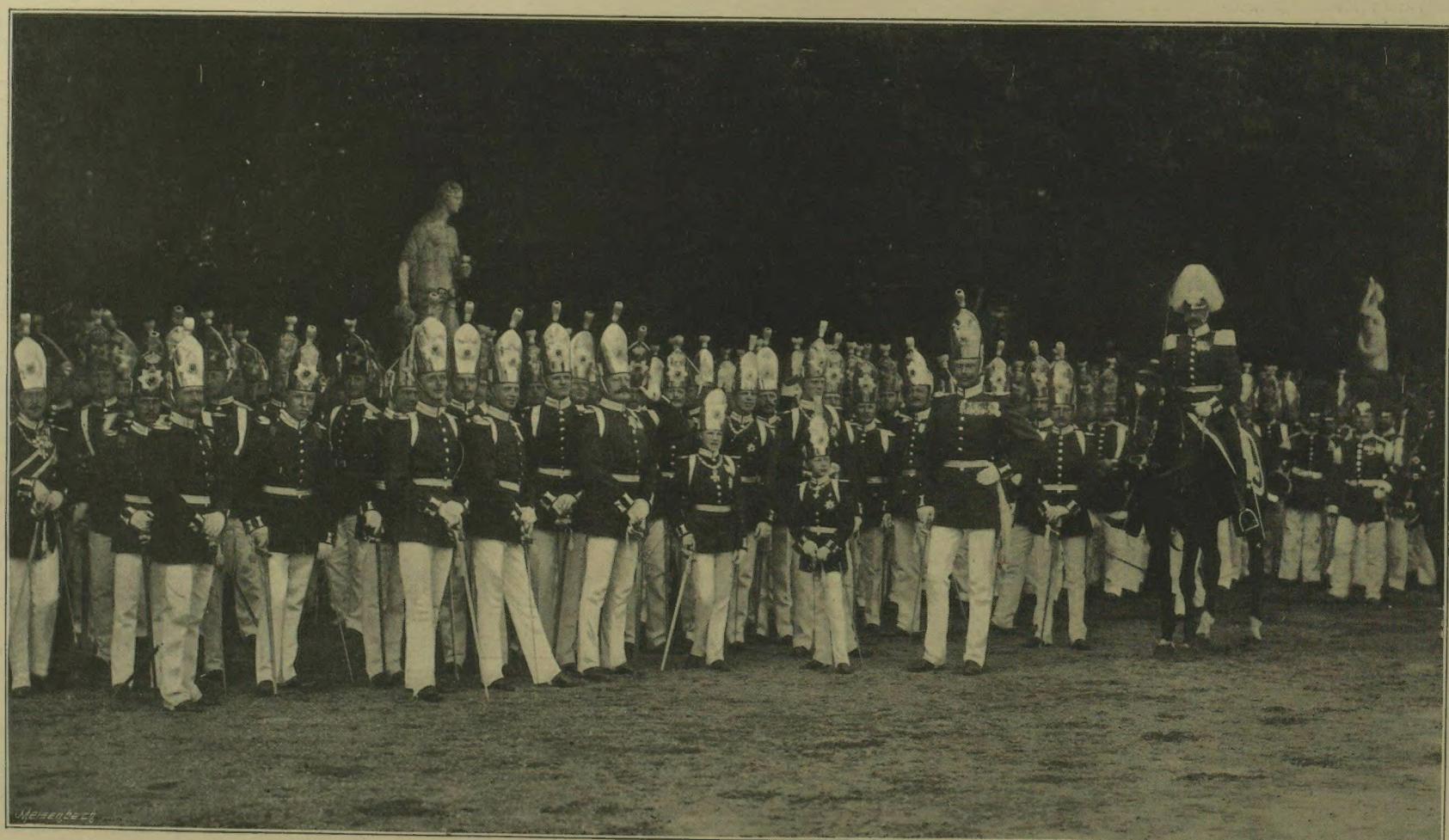
THE THIRLmere WATERWORKS FOR MANCHESTER.

On Saturday, Oct. 13, the ceremony of opening, at Manchester, the new waterworks by which an additional supply for that city is drawn from Thirlmere Lake, in Cumberland, a hundred miles distant, was performed in front of the Town Hall, in Albert Square. The Lord Mayor, Sir Anthony Marshall, accompanied by nearly all the members of the Council and numerous invited guests, including the Mayors of several Lancashire boroughs, ascended the platform which had been erected near the statue of John Bright. The Lord Mayor opened the proceedings with a speech, after which Mr. W. H. Talbot, the

Town Clerk, read an address to Sir John Harwood, Chairman of the Waterworks Committee, on behalf of the Council. Sir John Harwood, in his reply, said they had acquired for the benefit of the citizens of Manchester, free from any incumbrance, the entire watershed of Thirlmere. The whole of the 11,000 acres were under the sole control of the Corporation, and they would thus be able to preserve for ever the purity of the water. Eventually, when the works were completed, they would be able to draw from Thirlmere about 50,000,000 gallons of pure water in every day of twenty-four hours for 150 days, even if no rain should fall during that long period. The entire scheme when finished will have cost between £4,000,000 and £5,000,000. A gold key was handed by the Lord Mayor to

Sir John, who "unlocked" a temporary fountain close to the platform. The water immediately gushed out to a great height, amid cheers from the lookers-on. In the evening the members of the Council and the invited guests were entertained at dinner in the Town Hall.

The chief engineer of these works is Mr. George H. Hill, who was engaged on the Glasgow waterworks under Mr. J. F. Bateman, also consulting engineer for the Manchester scheme. Glasgow derives its supply from Loch Katrine, and Mr. Hill has lately been engaged by the Glasgow authorities as consulting engineer for new works, with an additional aqueduct from Loch Katrine. Mr. R. Barnett is resident engineer on the Lancaster section, and Mr. S. B. Winser at Preston.

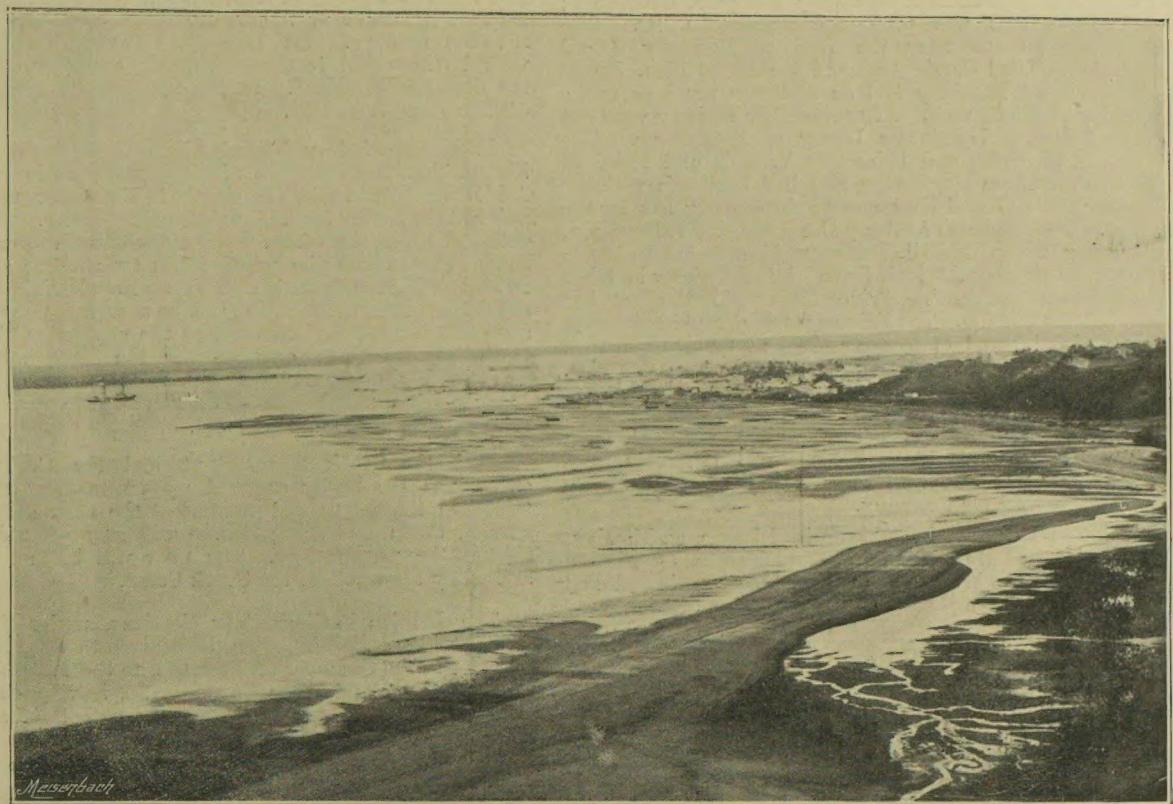


OFFICERS OF THE 1ST REGIMENT OF PRUSSIAN FOOT-GUARDS.

IN THE CENTRE IS THE IMPERIAL CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY, TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.

VIEWS OF DELAGOA BAY, PORTUGUESE SOUTH-EAST AFRICA.

The government of the Portuguese dominions along the east coast of South Africa has long been feebly conducted, and is now suddenly put to its best efforts, with the aid of expected military reinforcements from Portugal, to resist a formidable revolt of the native tribes, akin to the Zulus and to the Matabili, on the shores of Delagoa Bay. That large inlet of the Indian Ocean, twenty-five degrees south of the Equator, to the north of Zululand and of the British colony of Natal, has a geographical situation probably of much future importance, as the coast territory here is adjacent, with an intervening mountain range, to the Transvaal or Dutch South African Republic; the capital of which, Pretoria, and the Johannesburg gold-mines might be connected with the nearest seaport by the completion of the Delagoa Bay Railway. The bay is about seventy miles in length, from north to south, and from sixteen to twenty-five miles in width. It is formed by a narrow slip of land projecting from the mainland in a north-easterly direction, called the peninsula of Inyaka. From the northern extremity of the peninsula to Inyaka Island a line of shoals exist—the "Cutfield," "Dommett," "Hope," and "Cockburn." The first shoal has two and a quarter fathoms, the second and third three fathoms, and the last one fathom at low water of spring tides. Good channels exist between these sufficient to carry the steamers of the Union and Currie lines. There is, however, a bar between the bay and the inner harbour, about half a mile wide, with a minimum depth of 13½ ft. at low water. The inner harbour is about seven



ENTRANCE TO DELAGOA BAY.



LOURENÇO MARQUES: GENERAL VIEW FROM NEAR THE BRITISH CONSULATE.

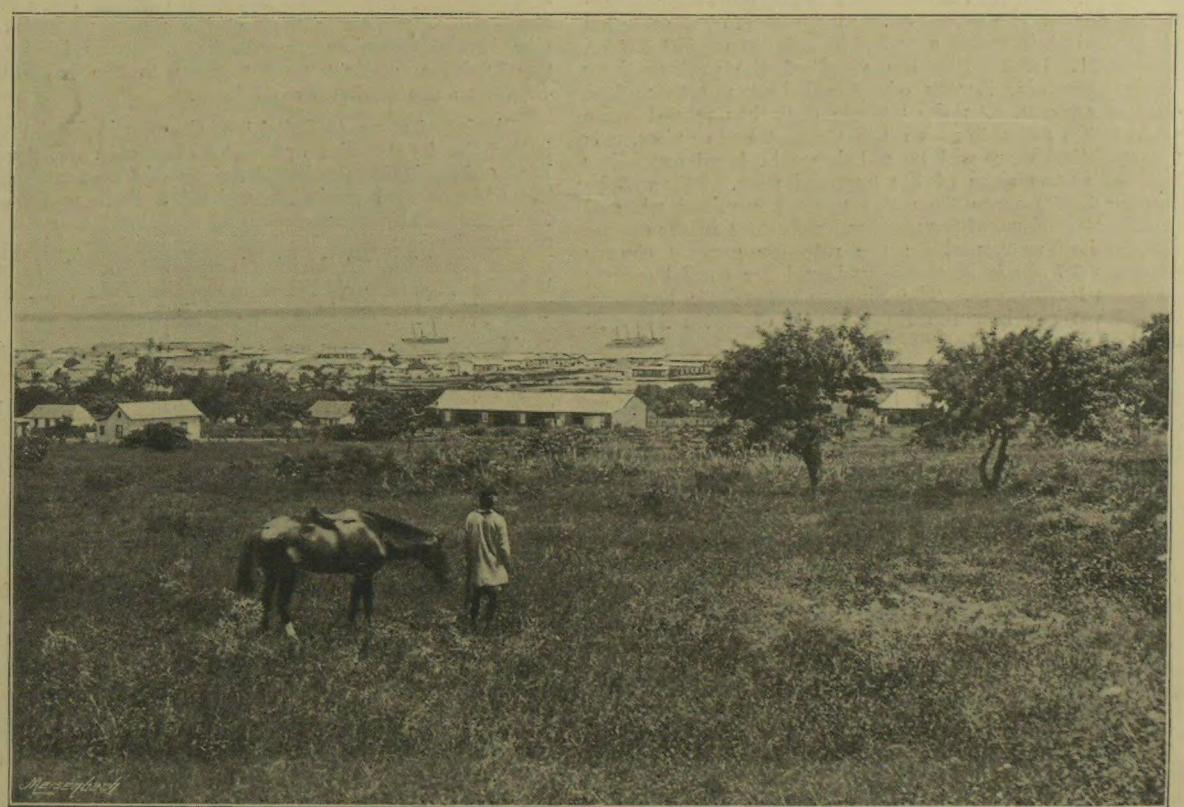
miles long, with one mile average width. The depth varies from three to thirteen fathoms at low water. The rivers Tembe, Umbolosi, and Maputa discharge into the harbour; the two former are wide and deep enough to allow of the navigation of large craft some miles from their mouths. The anchorage is good and well sheltered, but the means of landing cargo are inefficient. The shores of the bay are low and swampy and lined with mangroves, and at high tides are in part overflowed. The town of Lourenço Marques, so called from the early Portuguese navigator of that name, who first formed a settlement here, is a poor place, and very unhealthy, but has become important since the construction of the Delagoa Bay Railway, which is fifty-two miles long, as far as the Komati River, but has not yet been continued to the mountain range inland and to the Transvaal. By one of the provisions of a treaty between the British Government and the Transvaal, signed in August 1890, the Transvaal Government is confirmed in its right to construct a railway from its own borders through Swaziland and Tongaland to Kosi, a port about eighty miles south of Delagoa Bay. This would give the Transvaal that which it has long desired—a seaport and a railway all its own; and there can be little doubt that, if it should be able to carry the project through, the Delagoa Bay line would prove comparatively useless so far as the transport of Transvaal imports and exports is concerned.

We present several views of Lourenço Marques, taken by Mr. J. Fallows; one from near the British Consulate,

looking south-west, over the bay and mouth of the Maputa River, and over Inyaka. The Maputa country, lying to the south and west, was the scene of the native rising in September 1894. The town is built on the reclaimed swamp and on the side of a sandy hill. The Delagoa Bay Railway station is at the water's edge, towards the left-hand side of this view. The Eastern Telegraph Station is high up on the bluff, looking out to seaward. On dull cloudy days the scene is very dreary, and the moaning of the breeze through the tall coconut palms seems to murmur "fever and death," of which one is constantly reminded at this place. There are, however, pleasant gardens at Lourenço Marques, near the Custom House.

The views of Temple Newsam, near Leeds, the mansion of the Hon. Mrs. Meynell-Ingram, visited by the Duke and Duchess of York on Oct. 4 and the following days, presented in our last week's publication, were supplied by a series of excellent photographs taken expressly upon that occasion by Mr. Richard Keene, photographer and stationer, 52, High Street, Burton-on-Trent. We much regret that, by an inadvertence on our part, Mr. Keene's name was not mentioned, as we are obliged to him for allowing us to copy those photographs.

The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company has successfully launched a large new passenger-steamer from the yard of Messrs. Caird and Company, of Greenock. This steamer, which is named the *Simla*, is intended for their India, China, and Australia mail services.



LOURENÇO MARQUES: VIEW FROM THE HILL ABOVE THE TOWN.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Balmoral, on Monday, Oct. 15, held a Council, and gave her consent to the marriage of Prince Adolphus of Teck with Lady Margaret Grosvenor; and Parliament was prorogued until Dec. 20. The Ministers present were the Earl of Rosebery (Lord President), Lord Carrington, and the Right Hon. James Bryce. Lord Rosebery had an audience previous to the meeting of the Council. Afterwards her Majesty went out with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg. The Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales drove from Mar Lodge, and had luncheon with the Queen. Their Royal Highnesses subsequently left for the south. — The Duchess of Albany also drove over to luncheon, returning later to Birkhall. Princesses Margaret and Victoria Patricia of Connaught took leave of her Majesty and left the Castle for the south. Prince Henry of Battenberg has also left for London. The Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales arrived at Sandringham on Tuesday, Oct. 16, from Scotland. The Prince of Wales, on that day, was the guest of the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, at Wynyard Park, Stockton-on-Tees. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught returned from Switzerland on Oct. 16, and his Royal Highness is at Aldershot. Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia have quitted England for Germany.

Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, on Monday, Oct. 15, visited Burslem, in Staffordshire, and opened a new wing of the Wedgewood Institute, for technical and art education in the porcelain manufacturing district.

Sir John Rigby, Q.C., M.P., the Attorney-General, has been appointed a Lord Justice of Appeal in the place of Lord Davey.

Political speeches have been delivered by the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., at Birmingham, on Oct. 11, and at Durham on Oct. 16; Sir Henry James, M.P., at Bury; Sir George Trevelyan, M.P., on Oct. 12, at Glasgow; and Mr. Leonard Courtney at several places in Cornwall.

Two Parliamentary elections—namely, for Birkenhead and Forfarshire, have been rendered necessary; the first, by Lord Bury's accession to the peerage; the other, by Sir John Rigby's judicial appointment. Mr. Elliott Lees, Conservative, and Mr. W. H. Lever, Gladstonian, have been nominated for Birkenhead. Forfarshire has Mr. Robson, of London, as the Gladstonian, and the Hon. C. M. Ramsay as the Unionist candidate.

At the weekly meeting, on Oct. 9, of the London County Council, the Finance Committee submitted a revision of the estimate for the financial year ending next March, showing that it will be practicable to reduce the rate originally proposed for the second half of the year by a farthing in the pound. The exact amount thus becomes 6·875 pence in the pound instead of 7·125 pence, the total for the year being rendered 14d. in place of 14 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. There will be an excess of expenditure over the estimate made at the commencement of the year to the extent of £7135. This is a net increase, the gross amount being £10,555, while the main drainage account has a reduction of £3420. The annual estimate approved by the Council in April last included a probable balance of £94,697 on March 31, 1895. But the yield of the probate duty being uncertain, it was considered best not to reckon on this amount. As the probate duty has proved quite equal to the estimate which the Council had in view, it is expected that there will be a balance in hand exceeding £88,000 at the close of the financial year. This will be about £35,000 more than the normal requirement, and permits, therefore, of the proposed reduction in the charge for the half-year, making the rate for general county purposes 5·7 pence in the pound, and for special county purposes 1·175 pence. The Finance Committee, however, cannot yet say how the Equalisation of Rates Act will affect the county rate.

The Church Congress at Exeter has been most successful and interesting. On Saturday, Oct. 13, a closing service was held in Exeter Cathedral, when an impressive sermon was preached by the Rev. J. C. Welldon, Head Master of Harrow. In all, 3400 full members' tickets and 2700 day tickets were sold during the Congress.

The Archbishop of Canterbury on Saturday, Oct. 13, opened a new wing added to the Croydon General Hospital.

The Duke of Cambridge opened on Oct. 16 the new technical schools erected by the Corporation of Maidstone.

The Diocesan Conferences of Lichfield, of Southwell (Nottingham), and of Manchester and Lincoln, were opened on Tuesday, Oct. 16, under the presidency of their respective Bishops.

The centenary of the Ushaw Roman Catholic College, in the county of Durham, was celebrated on Oct. 14 at Ushaw, which took the place of Crook Hall in 1808 as a place for the reception of the refugees from the old English college at Douai, in France.

The German Emperor, on Saturday, Oct. 13, was at Freisack, in Brandenburg, where his Majesty unveiled a monument of Frederick, the first Elector of Brandenburg, previously Burgrave of Nuremberg, the founder of the political greatness of the House of Hohenzollern in the fifteenth century. On Tuesday, Oct. 16, his Majesty visited Wiesbaden, to unveil a statue of his grandfather, the Emperor William I. He has also met the Grand Duke of Hesse, at Darmstadt.

It is expected, notwithstanding the Czar's serious illness, that the marriage of the Czarevitch to Princess Alix of Hesse will take place early in November, the bride going to Russia for the wedding ceremony. She has obtained concessions from the Russian Church Synod such as no Princess in a like position has ever before secured. In embracing the Orthodox Faith her Royal Highness will not declare her former religion to be accursed, nor will she state that her conversion is due to the conviction that the truth lies not with her own but with the Russian Church. The Synod will content itself with the declaration that the Princess has joined the Greek Church in order to be of one Princess with her future husband.

Both the Greek Government and the Corfu local authorities are busily engaged upon measures intended to ensure the safety and comfort of the Czar during his stay in Corfu, and King George will stay some days to inspect the preparations. The Czar will be met on his arrival by the whole of the Greek Court.

The Belgian Parliamentary elections, under the new Constitution of that kingdom, have given to the Catholics 79 seats in the Chamber of Deputies, to the Liberals 3, to the Radicals 4, and to the Socialists 26, leaving 40 to be decided by second ballots. In the Senate the Catholics

MUSIC.

With the second week in October the London musical season started in real good earnest, and before the end of the month we shall be having almost as much going on in the way of concerts as can be comfortably managed. Having opened the ball at St. James's Hall on Oct. 8, Dr. Hans Richter began a provincial tour with his orchestra, and, after a hard week's work, found himself back in town on Oct. 15 in good time for a rehearsal in the morning, and another concert at St. James's Hall in the evening. As at the first, there was a crowded attendance, and once more not the shadow of a novelty disturbed the familiar charm of the programme. Smetana's "Lustspiel" overture and Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite (No. 1) are scarcely stranger now to the regular repertory than the overture to the "Flying Dutchman" or Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz," and, we may add, hardly less popular. These things, performed with delightful spirit and *entrain*, evoked enthusiastic applause. The gems of the concert, however, were Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony and Beethoven's symphony in B flat, No. 4, the rendering of the former being quite worthy of comparison with the ideal interpretation achieved under the same distinguished conductor at Birmingham.

The Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts began on Oct. 13, a fairly numerous audience attending. Sydenham amateurs are, no doubt, pretty regular in their support of an institution in which they take a natural pride, and which is now entering upon the thirty-ninth year of its existence. It were to be wished, though, that the general body of music-lovers showed a more sustained interest in these concerts. Unless some special attraction is being offered, the trains from town bear witness only too eloquently to the lack of continuous patronage from metropolitan sources. Yet we are wont to boast of our Crystal

Palace orchestra as one of the finest in the world, and to speak of Mr. August Manns as one of the greatest of living *chefs d'orchestre*! If these be true assertions (and they could not very easily be controverted), surely it is not consistent that the *soi-disant* connoisseurs, who crowd to orchestral performances under the baton of Richter or Mottl or Henschel, should turn a cold shoulder upon the famous Saturday concerts at the Palace. There can only be one excuse—the distance—and even that is not a serious affair now that the train service has been improved and the express can be fairly relied upon to accomplish the roundabout journey to Sydenham in half an hour. The expense, of course, is much less than that incurred by an ordinary London concert. The admission to the Palace and a still cost together three shillings and sixpence, and the first-class return fare is two shillings, making altogether an outlay of five shillings and sixpence; while this may be considerably reduced by taking serial tickets both for the concerts and the railway journeys. From a pecuniary point of view, therefore, the earnest amateur distinctly gains by a regular attendance at these concerts, while as a point

of national honour it is equally his duty to give them his support. The opening programme of the series contained an abundance of interesting material. Sticklers for classical masterpieces enjoyed their fill with Beethoven's marvellous "little" symphony in F (No. 8), three movements from Bach's suite in B minor for flute and strings (the solos admirably played by Mr. Albert Fransella), and the Mendelssohn violin concerto, in which that excellent artist, Mr. Willy Hess, made a successful début at the Palace. Music of more modern date was adequately represented by a selection from the last act of "Die Meistersinger" and Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's clever "Britannia" overture, which, with its snatches of national tunes twisting ingeniously in and out of original themes, took the fancy of the audience amazingly. These works were performed in a manner calling for the highest praise, Mr. Manns and his band alike sustaining their immense reputation to the utmost. Miss Ella Russell might with advantage have included in her selection something less hackneyed than the Jewel Song from "Faust," though, if an operatic choice was indispensable, the noble *scena* from "Der Freischütz" could hardly have been improved upon. Unfortunately, Miss Russell's reading of the latter piece did not quite satisfy her more critical auditors. It was lacking both in intellectuality and soul, and the lovely prayer was taken at too slow a pace, even for a singer whose breathing capacity may be truly described as abnormal.

Mr. Hayden Coffin gave the first of a series of vocal recitals at Steinway Hall on Oct. 15, when Miss Lillian Russell and two other American artists assisted the popular baritone in the execution of a programme consisting chiefly of compositions by Transatlantic musicians. Some of the songs were excellent in style, if wanting in inspiration, but all "went down" more or less with an obviously sympathetic audience, which crowded the little hall to the doors. The fair Queen of Brilliants was in capital voice, and could she have imparted some of her robust vigour to Mr. Hayden Coffin (who "recited" principally in a delicate *mezzo voce*), the balance of power would have been perfect.



LOURENÇO MARQUES, DELAGOA BAY: GARDENS NEAR THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

hold 43 seats and the Liberals 20, while 13 will be filled by second ballots. In Brussels the entire list of Catholic candidates for the Senate has been carried, but a second ballot will be necessary to elect the representatives of the city in the Chamber, though the Catholics have polled 93,000 votes, against 60,000 given to the Liberal and 40,000 to the Socialist candidates.

The latest news, to Oct. 15, of the war in Eastern Asia is that the two armies are still facing each other on the banks of the Yalu, the frontier river of Corea and China. The Chinese are busy in strengthening their position, and their strength is estimated at 25,000 men. The Japanese commander is waiting for his heavy artillery and supplies before attacking. A decisive battle will take place shortly, but the Japanese will not cross the Yalu till Marshal Yamagata's preparations are complete.

Negotiations are now going on between England, France, Russia, Germany, and America for diplomatic action with the view of restoring peace in the east of Asia. While anxious to protect their own citizens and the collective interests of the civilised world, none of these Powers have any idea of arresting the march of events otherwise than by purely diplomatic intervention, or of fixing at present any limit to the enterprises of either of the belligerents.

No doubt is felt among the Chinese in Pekin and Tientsin that Russia is actively assisting Japan by almost every means short of making a formal alliance. It is understood that Li Hung Chang does not share this view.

The situation of the Portuguese colony in Delagoa Bay, assailed by a force of native insurgents now beleaguering the town of Lourenço Marques, causes some anxiety in South Africa. Offers of help are made by Mr. Cecil Rhodes, on behalf of the British South Africa Company in Mashonaland, and by the Dutch Transvaal Government, but have for the present been declined. Military reinforcements are on their way from Portugal.

PERSONAL.

Earl Grey will be missed less as a statesman than as a complete letter-writer. It would be interesting to collect the letters he wrote to the *Times* in the course of a long term of years, and compare them with the course of events. Generally speaking, Earl Grey was "agin" the course of events as strongly as the proverbial Irishman was "agin the Government." But his letters were always good reading, the pungent expression of a vigorous if somewhat perverse temperament. Obstinacy was the ruling passion of Earl Grey's life. It comes out strongly in his physiognomy. It made him an impossible colleague in a Cabinet. When he retired from any direct participation in public affairs, he devoted himself to criticism. Whenever any Minister did anything considerable there was sure to be a long epistle in the *Times* signed "Grey," and far from flattering to the new project. Though a politician *manqué*, Earl Grey contributed not a little to the vivacity of politics, and we shall often miss his acid commentary on the progress of the democracy which he neither liked nor understood.

The story about Mr. Gladstone's supposed intention to enter the Church at the age of eighty-five might be said to exhaust the utmost capacity of credulity. Mr. Gladstone's renovated interest in theology has been vigorously attested since his retirement from public life by copious writings on abstruse points of doctrine; but the rumour about his "taking orders" is a little too grotesque even for the contents bills of the evening papers. There is a certain attraction, however, in the idea of Mr. Gladstone as a curate eclipsing his vicar and overawing the bishop of his diocese. To him preferment ought to be rapid, and either Lord Rosebery or Lord Salisbury would be only too glad to make him Archbishop of Canterbury at the earliest possible moment. Having been the most tremendous personal force in politics for thirty years, Mr. Gladstone might easily become the most formidable Primate since the days of Becket. Nothing is impossible to this marvellous man; but all the same, we do not expect him to submit himself for ordination.

The Bishop of Worcester's choice of Canon Edward A. Knox, Vicar of Aston, as the new Bishop Suffragan of the see of Coventry, is at once natural and wise. It is natural, for the new Bishop is, like Bishop Perowne, a decided Evangelical; it is wise, for Canon Knox has shown a remarkable capacity for dealing with the more urgent problems of Church life in the Midlands. Edward Arbuthnott Knox is the son of an old Indian chaplain, who, on leaving the service, became associated with the home organisation of the Church Missionary Society. The Bishop-designate went to Oxford, where he took a First in Moderations, and a Double First in the Final Schools. A Fellowship of Merton followed. In 1885 he left Oxford for the college living of Kibworth, Leicestershire, where his influence was at once felt. He was elected hon. secretary of the Midland Clerical and Lay Association, and in other ways came to be looked on as a leader. In 1891 the living of Aston, Birmingham, fell vacant, and the trustees offered it to the Vicar of Kibworth. Mr. Knox at once justified his appointment. The Bishop-designate is an able, though not a brilliant speaker, quiet in manner though not wanting in warmth and in sympathy. He married a daughter of the late Bishop Valpy French, who died in 1892. The Bishop of Worcester has presented Canon Knox to the living of St. Philip's, Birmingham, which was held by the late Bishop Bowbly, so that Aston is now vacant.

The Rev. George Herbert Curteis, Canon and Precentor of Lichfield Cathedral, as chaplain of the Savoy Chapel and Professor of Divinity at King's College in London, has long been a well-known preacher and teacher of moderate Church of England views, and his attitude towards Dissenters was ever temperate and judicious. He has died at the age of nearly seventy, at his Lichfield residence.

Among his numerous published writings, the Bampton Lectures of 1871, and the biography of Bishop Selwyn, which appeared in 1888, are the most likely to be remembered.

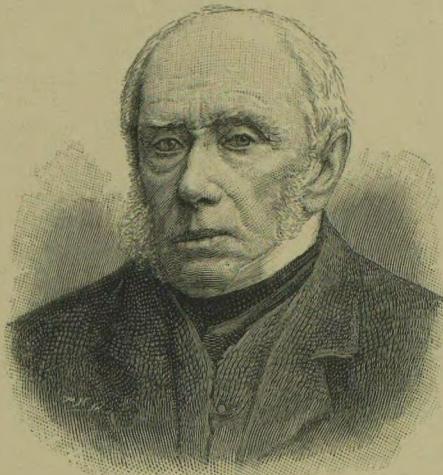


Photo by W. Snop, Rothbury.

THE LATE EARL GREY.

Canon Curteis was educated at Oxford, and was an honorary Fellow of St. Augustine's College at Canterbury.

There has just died at Rome, almost forgotten and unknown, a strange character who once occupied general attention throughout Europe, and in a way was the cause of upsetting an English Ministry, and of playing a subordinate part in the remodelling of the map of Europe. Among the companions of Felice Orsini, who threw the bombs under the Emperor Napoleon's carriage on his way to the Opera House, Jan. 14, 1858, was a man named Trabuco—a cornet-player by profession—who had once played before our Queen at Osborne. His complicity in the plot was clearly proved, and Trabuco was condemned to penal servitude for life. In reply to the judge's formal question what he had to say with regard to his sentence, he simply asked to be allowed the companionship of his cornet in prison. Released by the Commune, he hurried off at once to Naples, whence he had originally come; but soon afterwards he took up the rôle of an unrequited patriot, started for Rome, and diligently plied the deputies to obtain for him a pension for his services to the cause of liberty. Many members promised to bring his case before the Chamber, but the opportunity never seemed to present itself; and Trabuco lived on to be seventy years of age without obtaining either a pension or the promise of a state funeral after his death, which was another of the objects of his ambition. While patiently waiting for the former recognition of his services to the cause of Italian freedom, he did the deputies the honour of borrowing from one or other of them a few francs each day, which he spent regularly at the Café Aragno. Trabuco was just seventy years old at the time of his death.

The jubilee of Johann Strauss has excited no little rapture in Vienna and Prague. This is natural enough when it is remembered that for more than a quarter of a century Herr Strauss has been writing some of the loveliest waltzes that ever caressed the ear and gave wings to the feet. The herald Mercury, if he had heard the strains of the "Beautiful Blue Danube," would not have lighted on a heaven-kissing hill; he would have waltzed with the first partner within reach. There are probably few men of middle age who can listen to that famous composition without recalling the romance of their youth, of the days when there were dancing men, and nothing was thought of a five-mile walk at six in the morning after the ball.

The death of Dr. William Moon, of Brighton, the inventor, over fifty years ago, of the embossed alphabet

letters for enabling the blind to read, claims some recognition of a precious boon to an afflicted class of mankind. Himself become blind in 1840, he turned his attention to this remedy, in attempting to provide which, by the sense of touch, he had been preceded by other inventors—the French M. Valentim

Photo by C. Hawkins, Brighton.
THE LATE DR. WILLIAM MOON.

Häüy, in 1785, Mr. Gall, of Edinburgh, Mr. Alston, of Glasgow, and Messrs. Lucas and Frere, who used stenographic characters; but Dr. Moon was the first to adopt large Roman letters, raised on the paper, with the needful modifications to render them easily discernible by the fingers. More than two hundred thousand copies of books, including the Bible, and nearly a thousand different works, have been produced in Moon's embossed type. Most people have seen blind persons reading this literature with much facility. The system has been applied to books in many foreign languages, and is a great comfort to those who use it.

Mr. Harry Furniss has published the first number of *Lika Joko*, his new threepenny journal. It is difficult and rather invidious to pass judgment on first numbers. They generally ail a little, and seem rather surprised by their own existence. Mr. Furniss has illustrated the idea of the new-born infant in a picture representing Mr. Punch with *Lika Joko* in his arms, and looking as if he would like to treat it as Punch treats the baby in the oldest legitimate drama. On this hint it may be remarked that *Lika Joko* is not likely to prove a serious rival to *Punch*. Mr. Bernard Partridge and Mr. Fred. Barnard are among the artists in the first number. The letterpress is chiefly remarkable for a very diverting parody of Mr. Whistler's literary style, so true to the original that it has been taken by many to be his actual work, just as the simple-minded supposed that "The Green Carnation" must have been written by Mr. Oscar Wilde.

The New Woman has reached the very pinnacle of publicity. She is enshrined at last in the pages of the *Quarterly Review*. That periodical reviews her position with a good deal more sympathetic interest than might have been expected. Of course, she is told that her ideals are erroneous, but the writer seems a little vague as to the precise application of fundamental truths. "Woman," says the oracle, "lives in her affections, and they demand, as all sentiment does, that the great postulates of existence shall be taken for granted." As the New Woman is disposed to question the "great postulates," she "will not continue long in the land." Man will not marry her, and that must be the final blow to her ambition. But as far as we can observe, marriage is still going on, and the New Woman may assert that she is exercising her

prerogative by compelling man to marry her when she pleases. On the whole, the *Quarterly* does not contribute anything conclusive to the solution of the problem.

The death of the Right Hon. Sir Alfred Stephen, at the patriarchal age of ninety-two, which is announced from

Sydney, snaps one of the few remaining links between old and new Australia. When, deserting the practice of law at Lincoln's Inn, young Stephen followed the fashion among young men of the twenties, and went to Tasmania to seek his fortune, that colony was little

more than a convict settlement governed by garrison orders. But the new era was already opening, and in the very year of his landing, 1824, the colonists were petitioning for further powers of self-government, and in the following year began their career as members of the independent colony of Van Diemen's Land, now Tasmania. Almost at once Mr. Stephens attained rank in the administration of local affairs, first as Solicitor-General and then as Attorney-General, and in 1839 we find him raised to the Bench of the Supreme Court of New South Wales, to be promoted in five years to the Chief Justiceship. That position he held until 1873, so that in all he was concerned for nearly half a century in the administration of justice in the two colonies; and the high character which the Bench of Australia has attained is in no small measure due to the high standard set by his own conduct. Even on his retirement from the Bench in 1873 a further career of usefulness was before Sir Alfred. He had already filled the position of President of the Legislative Council in the first free Parliament of New South Wales, and he now became a regular member of the Council, and subsequently Lieutenant-Governor of the colony. He was one of the best friends of higher education in Australia, and a pillar of the Anglican Church.

At last we have a definition of the term "archdeacon," which carries us further than Sydney Smith's famous but inadequate explanation. "An archdeacon," said he, "is one who performs archidiaconal functions." This is oracular, but vague. Archdeacon Sinclair has defined the functions. According to him, an archdeacon is an ecclesiastic who always defers to his bishop. The Bishop of London said at Exeter that, although the circular issued by the majority of the London School Board was to be deplored, he could not take sides against Mr. Diggle. Archdeacon Sinclair, who has taken a prominent part in the opposition to Mr. Diggle, has withdrawn from the controversy on the ground that in his capacity as executive officer to the Bishop of London, he cannot run counter to that prelate's views. Whether the views be right or wrong, there ought to be no further misunderstanding as to the precise position of an archdeacon.

The late Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum, Dr. George Bullen, LL.D., C.B., has served

Photo by Barrand.
THE LATE DR. G. BULLEN.

personal regard for him by a gift of silver plate. He was an Irishman, of County Cork, born in 1816, and began life in London as a master in St. Olave's School, Southwark, but in January 1838 entered the Museum Library service, in which his superiors were successively Sir Henry Ellis, Signor Panizzi, Mr. Thomas Watts, and Mr. W. B. Rye; and when he retired, four years ago, his successor was Dr. Richard Garnett. Dr. Bullen was one of the first compilers, in 1841, of that immense work, the Library Catalogue. When he joined the Museum staff the Library consisted of 250,000 volumes; when he left it, he handed over to his successor in the Keepership no less than 1,750,000 volumes. Throughout his life Dr. Bullen devoted much of his leisure to criticism of books and other literary work.

On this page in our last issue we omitted to acknowledge Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of 53, Baker Street, as the photographers of the portrait of Mr. W. L. Courtney, the new editor of the *Fortnightly Review*.



Photo by Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE REV. CANON CURTEIS.

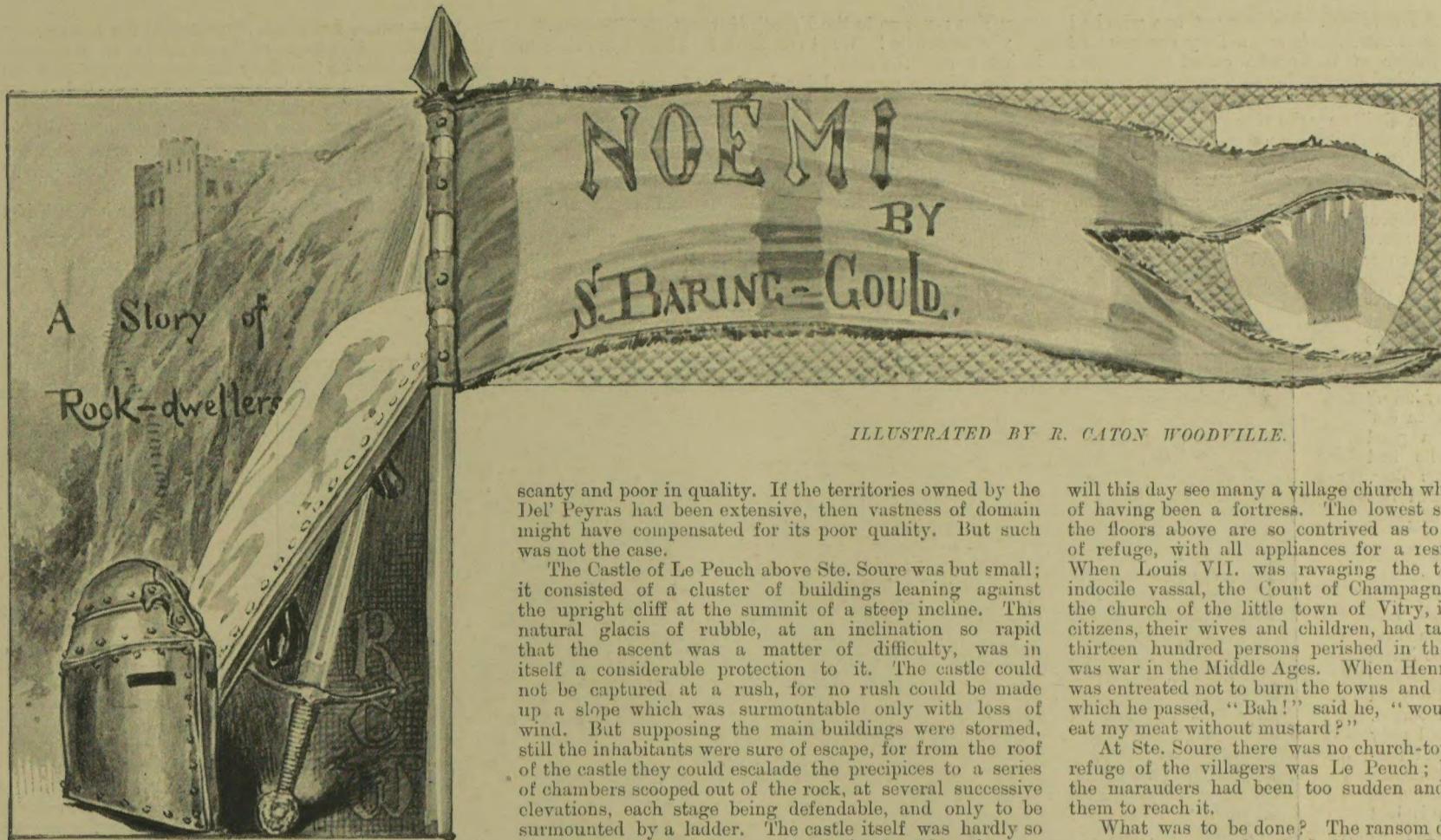


RIVER SCENERY IN MADAGASCAR.



VIEW ON THE MANGORO, MADAGASCAR.

From Photographs supplied by General Willoughby.



ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

scanty and poor in quality. If the territories owned by the Del' Peyras had been extensive, then vastness of domain might have compensated for its poor quality. But such was not the case.

The Castle of Le Peuch above Ste. Soure was but small; it consisted of a cluster of buildings leaning against the upright cliff at the summit of a steep incline. This natural glacis of rubble, at an inclination so rapid that the ascent was a matter of difficulty, was in itself a considerable protection to it. The castle could not be captured at a rush, for no rush could be made up a slope which was surmountable only with loss of wind. But supposing the main buildings were stormed, still the inhabitants were sure of escape, for from the roof of the castle they could escalade the precipices to a series of chambers scooped out of the rock, at several successive elevations, each stage being defendable, and only to be surmounted by a ladder. The castle itself was hardly so big as a modern farmhouse. It consisted of but three or four small chambers, one of which served as kitchen and hall. Le Peuch was not a place to stand much of a siege; it was rather what was called in those times a *place-forte*, a stronghold in which people could take temporary refuge from the freebooters who swept the open country, and had no engines for the destruction of walls, nor time to expend in a regular siege. To the poor at that period, the church-tower was the one hold of security, where they put their chests in which were all their little treasures; and it was one of the bitterest complaints against a rapacious Bishop of Rodez, that he levied a fee for his own pocket on all these cypress and ashen boxes confined to the sanctuary of the parish church. When the signal was given that an enemy was in sight, then men and women crowded to the church and barred its doors. A visitor to the Périgord

will this day see many a village church which bears tokens of having been a fortress. The lowest storey is church; the floors above are so contrived as to serve as places of refuge, with all appliances for a residence in them. When Louis VII. was ravaging the territories of his indocile vassal, the Count of Champagne, he set fire to the church of the little town of Vitry, in which all the citizens, their wives and children, had taken refuge, and thirteen hundred persons perished in the flames. Such was war in the Middle Ages. When Henry V. of England was entreated not to burn the towns and villages through which he passed, "Bah!" said he, "would you have me eat my meat without mustard?"

At Ste. Soure there was no church-tower, the place of refuge of the villagers was Le Peuch; but the attack of the marauders had been too sudden and unexpected for them to reach it.

What was to be done? The ransom demanded for the seven men was a hundred livres of Bergerac—that is to say, a sum equivalent at the present time to about one thousand nine hundred pounds. Unless the men were redeemed, the Sieur of Le Peuch would be ruined. No men would remain under his protection when he could neither protect nor deliver them. If he raised the sum, it must be at a ruinous rate, that would impoverish him for years. He was stunned with the magnitude of the disaster. There was but a fortnight in which not only must he resolve what to do, but have the money forthcoming.

After the first stupefaction was over, the old man's heart was full of wrath.

Ogier del' Peyra had been a peaceable man, a good landlord, never oppressing his men, rather dull in head and slow of thought, but right-minded and straightforward.



The Bishop signed to his treasurer: "How much have I? Is there anything in my store?" "Nothing," answered the official.

No little seigneur in all the district was so respected. Perhaps it was for this reason that his lands had hitherto been spared by the ravagers. He was not one who had been a hot partisan of the French and a fiery opponent of the English, or rather of those who called themselves English. He had wished for nothing so much as to remain neutral.

But now Le Gros Guillelm, who respected nothing and nobody, had suddenly dealt him a staggering blow from which he could hardly recover.

The effect when the first numbness was passed was such as is often the case with dull men, slow to move. Once roused and thoroughly exasperated, he became implacable and resolute.

"We will recover our men," said Ogier to his son, "and then repay Guillelm in his own coin."

"How shall we get the money?" asked Jean.

"You must go to Sarlat, and see if any can be procured there. See the Bishop; he may help."

Accordingly, Jean del' Peyra rode back a good part of the way he had traced the previous day, but half-way turned left to Sarlat instead of right to La Roque.

The little city of Sarlat occupies a basin at the juncture of some insignificant streams, and was chosen by the first settlers—monks—as being in an almost inaccessible position, when Périgord was covered with forest. It was to be reached only through difficult and tortuous glens. A flourishing town it never was, and never could be, as it had no fertile country round to feed it. It was a town that struggled on—and drew its main importance from the fact of its serving as a centre of French influence against the all-pervading English power. It had another source of life in that, being under the pastoral staff instead of under the sword, it had better chance of peace than had a town owing duty, military and pecuniary, to a lay lord. The baron, if not on the defensive, was not happy unless levying war, whereas the ecclesiastical chief acted solely in the defensive.

The protection of the district ruled by the Bishop of Sarlat was no easy or inexpensive matter, hemmed in as it was by insolent seigneurs, who pretended to serve the English when wronging their French neighbours. Moreover the strong town of Domme, on the Dordogne, facing La Roque, was in the hands of the English, and was garrisoned for them under the command of the notorious Captain, Le Gros Guillelm.

This man had his own fastness above the Vézère, on the left bank, below the juncture of the Beune with the river, a place called by the people "L'Eglise de Guillelm," in bitterness of heart and loathing, because there, according to the popular belief, he had his sanctuary in which he worshipped the devil. Few, if any, of the peasants had been suffered to enter this fortress, half-natural, half-artificial. Such as had gained a closer view than could be obtained from two hundred feet below by the river bank said that it consisted of a series of chambers, partly natural, scooped in the rock, and of a cavern of unknown depth with winding entrance, that led, it was rumoured, into the place of torment; and at the entrance, excavated in a projecting piece of rock, was a holy-water stoup such as is seen in churches. This, however, it was whispered, was filled with blood, and Le Gros Guillelm, when he entered the cave to adore the fiend, dipped his finger therein, and signed himself with some cabalistic figure, of which none save he knew the significance.

Between his own stronghold of L'Eglise and the walled town of Domme, Guillelm was often on the move.

Without much difficulty, Jean del' Peyra obtained access to the Bishop, an amiable, frightened, and feeble man, little suited to cope with the difficulties of his situation. Jean told him the reason why he had come.

"But," said the Bishop, "you are not my vassal. I am not bound to sustain you." And he put his hands to his head and pressed it.

"I know that, Monseigneur; but you are French, and

so is my father; and we French must hold together and help each other."

"You must go to the French Governor of Guyenne."

"Where is he? What can he do? There is no time to be lost to save the men."

The Bishop squeezed his head. "I am unable to do anything. A hundred livres of Bergerac—that is a large sum. If it had been livres of Tours, it would have been better. Here!"—he signed to his treasurer—"How much have I? Is there anything in my store?"

"Nothing," answered the official. "Monseigneur has had to pay the garrison of La Roque, and all the money is out."

"You hear what he says," said the Bishop dispiritedly. "I have nothing!"

"Then the seven men must be mutilated."

Saint Suaire listen to one's addresses, and I want to receive and not to pay."

"Not much, not much!" protested the Bishop.

"Besides, Monseigneur," said the youth, "there might be delay while the two Holy Napkins were fighting out the question which was to help us. And then—to have such a squabble might not be conducive to religion."

"There is something in that," said the Bishop. "Oh, my head! my poor head!" He considered a while, and then with a sigh said—"I'll indulge butter. I will!"

"I do not understand, my lord."

"I'll allow the faithful to eat butter in Lent, if they will pay a few *sols* for the privilege. That will raise a good sum."

"Yes, but Lent is six months hence, and the men will be mutilated in twelve days."

"Besides, I want the butter money for the cathedral, which is a shabby building! What a world of woe we live in!"

"Monseigneur, can you not help me? Must seven homes be rendered desolate for lack of a hundred livres?"

"Oh, my head! it will burst! I have no money, but I will do all in my power to assist you. Ogier del' Peyra is a good man, and good men are few. Go to Levi in the Market Place. He is the only man in Sarlat who grows rich in the general impoverishment. He must help you. Tell him that I will guarantee the sum. If he will give you the money, then he shall make me pay a denier every time I light my fire and warm my old bones at it. He can see my chimney from his house, and whenever he notices smoke rise from it, let him come in and demand his denier."

"It will take a hundred years like that to clear off the principal and meet the interest."

The Bishop raised his hands and clasped them despairingly. "I have done my utmost!"

"Then I am to carry the tidings to seven wives that the Church cannot help them?"

"No—no! Try Levi with the butter-money. I did desire to have a beautiful tower to my cathedral, but seven poor homes is better than fine carving, and I will promise him the butter-money. Try him with that—if that fails, then I am helpless. My head! my head! It will never rest till laid in the grave. O sacred Napkins of Cadouin and Cahors! Take care of yourselves and be more indulgent to us miserable creatures, or I will publish a mandment recommending the Napkin of Compiègne, or that of Besançon, and then where will you be?"

CHAPTER VI.

THE JEW.

Jean del' Peyra left the Bishop's castle, which stood on rising ground above the town, and was well fortified against attack, and entered the city to find Levi. The Jew lived in the little square before the cathedral.

The Bishop might well say that his episcopal seat was shabby, for the minster was small and rude in structure, a building of the Romanesque period such as delighted the monks to erect, and of which many superb examples exist in Guyenne. The monastic body at Sarlat had not been rich enough or sufficiently skilled in building to give themselves as stately a church as Souillac, Moissac, or Cadouin. It consisted, like nearly every other sacred dwelling of the period, of an oblong domed building, consisting of three squares raised on arches surmounted by Oriental cupolas, with an unfinished tower at the west end. The visitor to Sarlat at the present day will see a cathedral erected a century and more after the date of our story, in a debased but not unpicturesque style.

The Jew was not at home. His wife informed Jean that he had gone to La Roque to gather in a few *sols* that were owing to him there for money advanced to needy personages, and that she did not expect him home till the morrow. Christians were ready enough to come to her husband for loans, but were very reluctant to pay interest, and it cost Levi much pains and vexation to extract what was his due from those whom he had obliged.



"You poor! Levi! you thief!"

"It is too horrible! And the poor wives and children! Ah! we are in terrible times. I pray the Lord daily to take me out of it into the Rest there remains for the people of God; or, better still, to translate me to another see."

"Yes, Monseigneur; but whilst we are here we must do what we can for our fellows, and to save them from further miseries."

"That is true, boy, very true. I wish I had money. But it comes in trickles and goes out in floods. I will tell you what to do. Go to the Saint Suaire at Cadouin and pray that the Holy Napkin may help."

"I am afraid the help may come too late! The Napkin, I hear, is slow in answering prayer."

"Not if you threaten it with the Saint Suaire at Cahors. Those two Holy Napkins are so near that they are as jealous of each other as two handsome girls; and if they met would tear each other as cats. Tell the Saint Suaire at Cadouin that if you are not helped at once you will apply to her sister at Cahors."

"I have been told that it costs money to make the

Accordingly, Jean remounted his horse and rode over the hills due south, in the direction of the Dordogne.

About halfway between Sarlat and La Roque, at the highest point of the road, where the soil is too thin even to sustain a growth of oak coppice, and produces only juniper, Jean passed a singular congeries of stones; it consisted of several blocks set on end, forming an oblong chamber, and covered by an immense slab, in which were numerous cup-like holes, formed by the weather, or whence lumps of flint had been extracted. It was a prehistoric tomb—a dolmen, and went by the name of the Devil's Table. To the present day, the women coming to the market at Sarlat from La Roque rest on it, and if they put their fish which they have to sell into the cups on the table, are sure of selling them at a good price. Yet such action is not thought to bring a blessing with it, and the money got by the sale of the fish thus placed in the Devil's cups rarely does good to those who receive it. The monument is now in almost total ruin: the supports have been removed or are fallen, but at the time of this tale it was intact.

Jean did not pay it any attention, but rode forwards as hastily as he could on his somewhat fatigued horse.

On reaching the little town of La Roque, Jean was constrained to put up his horse outside the gates. There was not a street in the place along which a horse could go. The inhabitants partook of the nature of goats, they scrambled from one house to another when visiting their neighbours. Only by the river-side was there a level space, and this was occupied by strong walls as a protection against assault from the water.

Jean inquired whether the Jew had been seen, and where, and was told that he had been to several houses, and was now in that of the Tardes. The family of Tardes was one of some consequence in the little place, and had its scutcheon over the door. It was noble—about three other families in the place had the same pretensions, or, to be more exact, right. Jean, without scruple, went to the house of the Tardes and asked for admission, and was at once ushered into the little hall.

The Jew was there along with Jean and Jacques Tarde, and they were counting money. To Del' Peyra's surprise, Noémi was also present and looking on.

Jean del' Peyra gave his name, and asked leave to have a word with the Jew. He stated the circumstances openly. There was no need for concealment. Le Gros Guillelm had fallen on Ste. Soure, and after committing the usual depredations, had carried off seven men, and held them to ransom. The sum demanded was a hundred Bergerac livres. Unless that sum was produced immediately, the men would be mutilated—hamstrung.

As Jean spoke, with bitterness welling up in his heart, he looked straight in the eyes of Noémi. She winced, changed colour, but resolved not to show that she felt what was said, and returned Jean's look with equal steadiness.

"And you want the money?" said the Jew. "On what security?"

"The Bishop will grant an indulgence to eat butter in Lent at a fee. That will raise more than is required."

"The Bishop!" Levi shook his head. "You Christians are not men of your word. You will promise it—and never pay."

"You lie, Jewish dog!" said Jacques Tarde. "Have I not paid you what was owing?"

"Ah, you—but the Bishop!"

"Is he false?"

"He may think it righteous to cheat the Jew."

"He will give you what security you require that the money be forthcoming," said Jean.

"Will not the Christians eat butter without paying for the dispensation?" asked the Jew. "If they think that the butter-money is coming to me they will not scruple. I do not like the security. The Bishop is old; he may die before Lent; and then what chance shall I have of getting my money? The next Bishop will not allow butter, or, if he does, will pocket the money it brings in. He will not be tied by this Bishop's engagement. I will not have the butter-money."

"Will you take a mortgage on Ste. Soure?" asked Jean.

"I don't know. It is not on the Bishop's lands. It is a face to face with the stronghold of the big Guillelm. If I wanted to sell and realise, who would buy in such proximity? Whom are you under? The King of France? He is a long way off and his arm is weak. No, I will not have a mortgage on Ste. Soure. Besides, I am poor; I have no money."

"You lying cur!" exclaimed Jacques Tarde; "we have paid you up all the capital lent us. We would no longer have our blood sucked at twenty-eight per cent, and we have sold the little land at Vézac to pay you."

"That was easy land to sell," said the Jew. "With Beynac Castle on one side and La Roque on the other! But Ste. Soure"—he shook his head. "It is under the claw of Guillelm. He has but to put down his hand from the Church and he scratches through the roofs, and picks out all that he desires."

"And you refuse the Bishop's guarantee?"

The Jew looked furtively at the two Tardes and at Jean and said—"Who is to guarantee the Bishop? On his lands he sees that I draw in my little *sols*, but then I pay him for that, I pay heavily, and for that heavy price he allows me to lend moneys and pick up interests. But I do not pay the King of France to ensure me against the Bishop. That is why I will not let him be in debt to me."

"Our land is devoured by two evils," said Jacques Tarde. "The routier and Jew, and I do not know which is worst! We shake ourselves, and kick out, and for a moment are free, and then they settle on us again. The carrion crow and the worm—and so we die."

"Ah, Monsoo Tarde!" answered Levi. "Why do you speak like this? You wished to build you a grand house and paint it and carve and gild—and for that must have moneys. Did I come and force you to borrow of me my poor pennies? Did you not come and beg me to furnish what you needed? I did not say to you, 'Your old house is not worthy of a Tarde. It is mean and not half fine enough for a fine man like you!' It was your own pride and vanity sent you to me. And now, if I could find the moneys would not this young gentleman bless me, and the seven families I might be the saving of, call down the

benediction of the skies on me and mine? Here has he come all the way from Ste. Soure to seek me, and he is in despair because I am so poor."

"You poor! Levi! you thief!"

"I am poor. I lay by grain on grain: and such as you scatter and destroy. Why should I spend my painfully gathered pennies to save some of your villains, young Sir? What if there was a riot in Sarlat as there was fifteen years ago—and the mob fell on the Jews? How was it then? Did you not fire our houses, and throw our children into the flames, and run your pikes into the hearts of our mothers and wives? You think we care for you after that! Let your own Christian thieves hamstring their own brothers. Why do you come to poor Levi to help you—to Levi who is helpless among you, and is only suffered to live because he is necessary to you? You cannot do without him, as now—now, amidst the violences of Le Gros Guillelm!"

"And you will not help me," said Jean, despairingly. He had no thought for the wrongs endured by the Jews, no thought for what made them a necessity, no thought of the incongruity that while the Church denounced usury, the usurers were only able to carry on their trade by the Pope and the prelates extending their protection to them—for a consideration in hard cash, paid annually.

Again Jean's eyes met those of Noémi; he was pale, his brow clouded, his lips trembled, as though about to address some words to her.

"What would you say?" she asked. "Speak out. I am not afraid to hear. Levi has been making my father responsible for his bloodsucking."

"I would," said Jean sullenly, "I would to Heaven you could come with me and see the work wrought at Ste. Soure; and if after that you were able to laugh and lightly talk of your father as a great man and one to be proud of because he is in every mouth—then, God help you!"

"I will come!" answered the girl impulsively.

"When? At once?"

Jean looked at her incredulously.

"Aye!" said she. "Jacques Tarde has nothing to engage him now that he has shaken off the horse-leech. He will ride with me, and we will take another, though I reckon my presence would suffice as a protection. None will lay hands on the daughter of Le Gros Guillelm." She recared her head in pride.

"Be not so sure of that," said Jean. "At Ste. Soure they would tear you to pieces if they knew who you were."

"And you—would look on and let it be?"

"No; on my lands, whilst under my protection, you are safe."

"Under your protection!" jeered the girl. "Bah! If I stood among a thousand, and shouted, 'Ware! Le Gros Guillelm is on you!' they would fly on all sides as minnows when I throw a stone into the water." She altered her tone and said: "There, I go to do good. I will see my father if he is at his church, and I will whisper good thoughts unto him, and get him to reduce the ransom. Now, will you take me with you?"

"You will trust yourself with me?"

"Jacques Tarde shall come also. Let anyone dare to touch Noémi! I will come. When shall we start?"

"At once," answered Jean.

"So be it; at once."

(To be continued.)

On the night of Oct. 7, the Château of St. Pierre des Herts, in the canton of Hyères, on the French Riviera, was attacked by a band of Italian rioters, who attempted to storm the place by scaling the walls. This mansion, which belongs to the Compagnie Foncière de France, is usually let to wealthy foreigners. The servants made a determined resistance, and drove off the assailants, who were pursued by the constabulary and local police. Several of them were secured. On the same night, a murderous affray occurred between some French and Italian workmen, in a café kept by an Italian at Rive de Gier. Three men were severely stabbed in the fight, and had to be conveyed to the hospital. The police arrested a number of the rioters.

A company of gentlemen connected with the coal trade of Yorkshire were conveyed by special train from Cudworth, near Barnsley, over a new colliery branch to Grimethorpe, where two 19-ft. shafts were, in connection with the new Grimethorpe Colliery, sunk on the estate of Mr. Foljambe, of Osberton, Notts, in a new coalfield five miles from Barnsley. The colliery comprises 3000 acres of Barnsley thick seam coal, which is expected to be reached in two years, at a depth of 500 yards. It will be laid out with the most modern appliances, capable of raising 2500 tons daily, and in connection with other pits owned by the Mitchell Main Colliery Company their daily output will be 5000 tons, or 1,000,000 tons per annum. The new colliery will give employment to over one thousand hands. It is connected with the Midland main line and the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway by the Houghton branch, which gives access to the Hull and Barnsley Railway.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

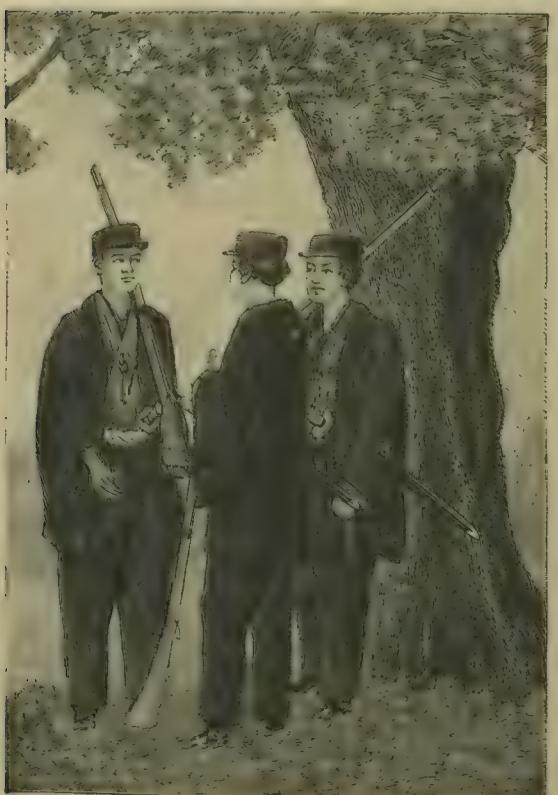
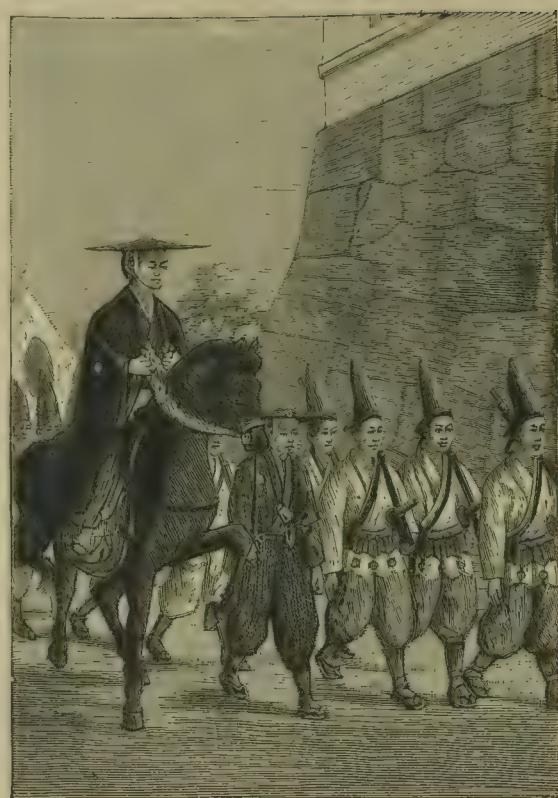
The student of nature must be struck as often by the tremendous waste which occurs in the course of certain natural operations, as by the delicacy and exactitude of other actions wherein Dame Nature seems to practise economy of the most rigid order. Take the fertilisation of plants by the wind, for instance, and compare this process with what you find in the case of insect-fertilised flowers. In the wind-fertilised subjects, you find tons upon tons of yellow pollen from the pines blown by the wind through the air on the bare idea that some happy-go-lucky sort of chance will shower the dust down among the cones of another forest, and bring about the fructification of the ovules. But it is all chance. Suppose a contrary wind carries the pollen in the opposite direction to that in which there are forests to fertilise, then all the energy of pollen-production goes for naught. I believe, in the Canadian lakes occasionally, you may see tons of wasted pollen lining the shore-margins, having been blown out of any chance of reaching its proper destination. Now I say this is waste in nature. It is the opposite of the curiously contrived insect-fertilisation, where you get the pollen deposited on a special part of the insect (and often on a particular insect), which part shall just exactly come in contact with the pistil of the other flowers waiting to be fertilised. There is no waste here, but rigid economy of pollen.

The fact is that Dame Nature is no more perfect than are we ourselves. She has been getting to be exact and precise and saving and economical through untold ages of experimenting and blundering. Wind-fertilising a plant is an old method, very ancient and very respectable no doubt, but brought into vogue probably long before insects were made to minister to the reproductive wants of the flowers, and, compared with insect-fertilisation, as clumsy as the old Brown Bess would look by the side of the Lee-Metford rifle. I confess these thoughts regarding the economics of Nature were suggested by something very different from flowers and their fertilisation—lobsters to wit; but the story of the lobster and its struggles to keep its feet (as a race) is strictly analogous to that of the flowers. Nature, as regards her care of lobsters, in the view of future generations of these crustaceans, is just about as careless as she is in the case of the wind-fertilised plants. I have been reading a report of Mr. F. H. Herrick, of the United States Fish Commission, on the worldly prospects of the lobster race in America, and his conclusions suggested the remarks regarding Mother Nature's wastefulness at large which I have penned above.

Assuming that the American lobster is like its English cousin, which, by-the-way, seems scientifically a fair conclusion, then Mr. Herrick's views become of interest to everybody on this side of the Atlantic who has the welfare of our marine food-supply at heart. He tells us that the breeding period of the American lobster is largely represented by the three months June, July, and August, although he adds that about 10 per cent. of the breeding lobsters found in any one year produce eggs in autumn, winter, and spring also. Next comes a little bit of information which, placed in contrast with the idea of fertility to come, seems to indicate on the part of Dame Nature a tendency towards Malthusian principles and practices. Mr. Herrick says that the lobster breeds once in two years only. Place this fact in contrast to another, that a mother lobster will produce about 10,000 eggs at one time, and we can see how the biennial breeding stands in an opposed relationship to what one might deem excessive fertility. Yet another consideration, however, remains to be taken into account. Mr. Herrick says that out of the 10,000 eggs produced by each lady lobster, not more than two come to anything in the way of development. Two lobsters out of 10,000 eggs—such is the proportion of development to decay. Talk about the enormous mortality of human infancy! why, it is a perfect state when compared with this slaughter of the crustacean innocents, which, of course, fall victims to untoward conditions of sea, temperature, and the like, as well as to foes and enemies, among whom report hath it that some are of the mother lobster's "own household."

Curious details are given by Mr. Herrick of the relations between the size and the fertility of the American lobster. They often breed freely when they are eight inches in length, but some are found to be unfertilised under twelve inches. The majority mature when they reach ten and a-half inches in length. Then the number of eggs produced at each breeding period increases in a geometrical ratio; but the length of the lobster producing the eggs varies in an arithmetical series. So that a fourteen-inch lobster, Mr. Herrick says, will produce four times as many eggs at one period as one measuring ten inches in length. These are interesting details, because all the while they teach us that this lobster is very much in the position of the wind-fertilised plant after all. The survival of the miserable two out of ten thousand eggs sounds, and is, ridiculous regarded from any rational standpoint whatsoever. Yet, on the other hand, if every egg of the ten thousand came to maturity, and in turn bred ten thousand of a progeny of its own, and the ball were kept merrily rolling onwards, we should assuredly arrive at Darwin's estimate of codfish increase, when he tells us that if every codfish egg came to full fruition, and in turn begat as many fishes as did its parent, all the oceans in a short time would be one solid seething mass of codfish.

But there are degrees and degrees of fertility and sterility equally. What appears to be rather hard in the case of the lobster is that it has no middle course. It is pushed to the extreme of reproductive hardship, and yet it survives. This says much for the enormous number of survivors out of the ten thousands of eggs that mostly disappear. And then are we not to reckon, as in the case of the wind-fertilised plant, with the tremendous profit which accrues when, by a lucky circumstance, many more survive than two out of ten thousand eggs, and when a big shower of pollen exactly besprinkles a whole waiting forest with its fertilising energy? This is the real secret of surviving fertility amid the most terrible odds. It is the old argument over again for the "rank outsider" and for the apparently hopeless off-chance.



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"A king has the right to die, but not the right to be ill," said Louis XVIII. to his doctors, forbidding them at the same time to publish the truth about his condition. Alexander I., perhaps in imitation of the Bourbon whom he had helped to his throne, acted upon the same principle, though he did not embody it in a paradoxical epigram. For more than forty-eight hours—namely, during Nov. 12 and 13, 1825—he obstinately refused to be bled, notwithstanding the urgent persuasion to that effect of his own physician, James Wellye, and of Stoptingen, the medical attendant of the Empress.

On the 14th, towards evening, Wellye, finding all persuasion useless, plainly told the Czar that having refused the aid of science till it was too late, he had no resource left but the aid of religion. "And I have an idea that that will prove a broken reed to you," said the blunt physician, a worthy predecessor of Zakharin; "I am afraid that religion will be of little use to the man whose obstinacy in refusing all medical aid is tantamount to suicide." Thirty hours later, the eldest son of Paul I. had breathed his last. Practically he was the second Emperor who died peacefully in his bed since the demise of Peter the Great; for though the thing has often been contradicted, there is a strong suspicion that Nicholas I. made away with himself.

If all one hears be true, it would appear that Alexander III. is quite as obstinate as his granduncle in his refusal to submit to his physician's guidance. This obstinacy, I am given to understand, does not spring, as was the case with Alexander I., from weariness of life, but from an intense consciousness of his weighty responsibilities, the Czarevitch being, after all, a very young man. No one can help admiring such a lofty standard of duty; unfortunately, the lofty standard may defeat its own purpose by accelerating a crisis which with ordinary care might be averted for several years. Three quarters of a century have passed since the French King coined his epigram and the Russian Czar acted upon it. Why should Alexander III. not reverse the axiom and say—"A king has the right to be ill, but not to die, if he can prevent it"?

Throughout the length and breadth of Europe I know of no more entertaining paper than *La Correspondencia de Espana*, whose founder, the Marquis de Santa Anna, died at the end of last week. And by entertaining I do not necessarily mean intentionally comic; I mean interesting and instructive. I am under the impression that *La Correspondencia* is unique in its way, though I have seen something approaching it in Berlin. Unfortunately I have forgotten the name of the German sheet, but I know that the cost of subscription is 75 Pfennige (9d. English) per month. It is not for sale on the bookstalls nor in the newspaper shops, in which particular it differs *in toto* from *La Correspondencia*, which in Spain is thrust down one's throat. The Spanish publication has neither leading articles nor even leaderettes, least of all long-winded reports or flippant correspondence. Three of its four pages are taken up by news almost entirely personal, and conveyed in pithy paragraphs rarely exceeding two lines. "The noble Don B—— is taking a pleasure trip to Paris," "The heroic Carlist leader G—— has been beaten by the skilful Alfonsist Captain H——," &c. There is no attempt at classification, except that matters religious are generally to be found on the first page. The fourth page consists of advertisements. The surface size of *La Correspondencia* is that of the *Globe*.

La Correspondencia has a circulation of at least 60,000 per diem, which for Spain is an enormous one. Its price is two cuartos (less than a halfpenny); its most formidable rival in point of sale is *El Perro Grande* (Anglicé, *The Big Dog*). But unlike our clever contemporary the *Stock-keeper*, the Spanish sheet with the canine title has nothing to do with the "best friend of man." It is simply so named after the ten-centimos piece, on the verso of which there is displayed a lion toying with the Spanish shield in imitation of the Belgian lion. The Spanish lion is, however, but a tame presentment of the king of the forest; he is more like one of the Griffiths brothers in their amusing entertainment, or like a big sheep-dog; hence the nickname bestowed

upon the coin, of which there are two—the "perro grande" (ten centimos) and "perro chico" (five centimos).

A copy of *El Perro Grande*, besides being a newspaper, is also a lottery ticket. Each copy bears a different number. There are two drawings per month; the date represents the series. There are three big prizes, respectively of 1000, 300, and 100 pesetas (£40, £12, and £4 sterling), and a number of compensation-prizes entitling the winner

STATUE OF THE QUEEN AT ADELAIDE.

The city of Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, was enlivened on Aug. 11 by the ceremony of unveiling the bronze statue of her Majesty the Queen erected in Victoria Square. It is the gift of Sir Edwin Smith; and Lady Smith unveiled the statue, which the donor immediately afterwards formally handed over to the mayor of the city. The ceremony, in which the naval and military forces, the members of the City Council, the fire brigades, five hundred school-children, and many citizens took part, was very imposing, and considerable enthusiasm was manifested.

The Horn scientific exploring expedition returned to Adelaide on Aug. 9. The party consisted of Professor Tate, Dr. Stirling, and Messrs. Kearland, Bell, Taylor, Edgar, and Laycock. Two members of the scientific section—Professor Spencer, of Melbourne, and Mr. Watt, of the Geological Survey of New South Wales—remain in the interior to complete their examinations in their respective departments. The leader of the party, Mr. Winnecke, reports that the expedition has been very successful. Dr. Stirling has in his possession some valuable information with regard to the natives of the interior of Australia.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Church Congress has naturally absorbed attention during the week. As usual, many little things have attracted greater attention than the more serious business of the gathering. Bishop Bickersteth astonished his hearers by saying without any qualification or doubt that St. Paul was a widower. Archdeacon Farrar, it is true, argues for this view in his well-known biography of the Apostle, but it is generally rejected by scholars, and especially by Jewish scholars, who on such a point are the best authorities. The evidence for it is, indeed, flimsy in the extreme. Bishop Bickersteth concluded his address with a hymn of his own, of which the following is a verse—

Watchman, what of the field?
The Cross is battling on;
They close in fight: the foemen yield;
God speed the lingering sun!

Canon Driver's address on Biblical Criticism was moderate and calm, but did not contain anything absolutely new.

More interesting was Professor Sanday's paper on the New Testament, in which he spoke with characteristic frankness of recent writings. He praised Mr. Illingworth's Bampton Lectures, and thought that Mr. Gladstone in his paper on the Atonement had laid too little emphasis on the forensic element.

Canon Overton, speaking of the relations between the Church and Nonconformity, said there was no cry so effective against the Church and none which tended more to swell the ranks of Nonconformity than the "No Popery" cry. He pleaded for perfect courtesy to Nonconformists, and was inclined to take a hopeful, though not unduly sanguine view of the future.

Considerable disappointment was expressed at the absence of Mr. R. H. Illyton, the accomplished editor of the *Spectator*. His address was read by a substitute, and was thoroughly able, though not very well adapted for a general audience.

A curious argument for a liturgy was given by Alderman Phillips. In showing the superiority of the

Church over Dissent in possessing a liturgy, he mentioned that the Sunday after Mr. Keir Hardie was returned for West Ham he went to a church the clergyman of which he found to be in a furious temper. But he was tied down to the use of a liturgy, and he could only peep at his congregation from the pulpit.

Mr. Athelstan Riley had a great reception, and it can hardly be doubted that the clergy on the whole are enthusiastically with him.

The Bishop of Moshonaland has decided to resign owing to continued ill-health.

Dr. Lake, who has resigned the deanery of Durham, will, it is said, take up his residence in London.

I am glad to see that a full memoir is to be written of Mrs. Augustine Craven, the author of "Le Recit d'une Scour," one of the most beautiful and spiritual biographies ever written, which is not a thousandth part so well known in this country as it ought to be. Mrs. Craven's biographer is Mrs. Bishop, who has had access to her diaries and correspondence, and will be able to make use of them.

The Rev. E. A. Knox, Vicar of Aston, Birmingham, has been appointed Suffragan Bishop of Coventry on the nomination of the Bishop of Worcester.



STATUE OF THE QUEEN IN VICTORIA SQUARE, ADELAIDE.



UNVEILING THE STATUE OF THE QUEEN AT ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

IX.—POITIERS.

The first phase of the great Hundred Years' War closed with the capture of Calais; the great plague of the Black Death swept away war and warriors together. An uneasy truce replaced the old struggle; it seemed vain to fight for a few leagues of wasted ground when fertile fields were lying fallow for want of hands to till them. Had the new King of France, John, acted up to his name of "the Good," peace might have endured for years. But John was "Good" only in the sense of careless generosity; in all else he was an exaggeration of the bad points of his father, Philip of Valois. He debased the coin, put the Constable of France to death without trial, and treated his young son-in-law, Charles, King of Navarre, afterwards known as "the Bad," with a pettifogging bad faith worthy of Philip the Fair. Charles, who had domains in Normandy, appealed to Edward III.; and the Breton War of Succession, still dragging on, furnished an excuse for renewing the war. The King of Navarre deserted his English allies, but still Edward raided the north of France, and his son the Black Prince, with a body of English and Gascon troops, pushed up the Garonne and into Languedoc, pillaging without resistance. This was in 1355. Early in 1356 John seized Charles of Navarre treacherously at

French line. Seeing the strength of the position, Sir Eustace de Ribaumont, who had reconnoitred the English lines, advised John to use his cavalry as heavy infantry and storm the camp, sending on three hundred mounted men-at-arms to make a breach by their impetus. This advice was followed and became fatal; for the Black Prince was not minded to keep on the defensive. The three hundred rode into the lane; and the rest of the great army, all but the Count of Nassau's German mercenaries, dismounted, took off their spurs, and shortened their lances. Then, in three lines, the first commanded by the Duke of Normandy and two other sons of John, the second by the Duke of Orleans, the third by King John himself, with his youngest son, Philip, at his side, the great French host waited to follow the forlorn hope.

The English and Gascon men-at-arms had also dismounted, but not all; and they were ready to mount again at need. The devoted three hundred Frenchmen-at-arms, shot down by archers right and left, fell fast in the narrow road. A few broke through, but were cut down by the Prince's men-at-arms, and the survivors fled back from the fatal lane. Shaken by this sight, the first line, under the Duke of Normandy, was suddenly fallen on by the ambuscade from the flank. The ranks wavered, and Sir John Chandos, the greatest English captain of the time,

Artois. Others claimed the rich prize; and the King was almost plucked to pieces when the Earl of Warwick parted the press and led John to the Black Prince.

Edward proved himself in victory the perfect knight; he showed John the greatest courtesy, served him at supper and treated him as a friend rather than as a captive. He rewarded his own captains munificently; Sir James Audley, who had done great deeds, and been sorely wounded, received a rich estate, and, like a true knight, gave it away to his four trusty squires. The Prince could well be liberal. Besides the rich booty of the French camp, some two thousand nobles and knights were captive, and their ransoms were a rich harvest.

The loss of the French was computed at two thousand five hundred of noble rank, and eight thousand of the meaner sort; the English loss, too, was not light, being over two thousand.

The blow stunned France for a time; and defeat, as so often after, begot anarchy. The grinding exactions by which the nobles raised their ransom-money drove the peasants to revolt in the hideous Jacquerie; Marcel, the great Provost of Paris, tried to win constitutional privilege from the chaos; Charles the Bad, released, played all parties false in turn. At last, the Treaty of Bretigny gave up the south and centre of France to Edward III., and



THE GERMAN EMPEROR AFTER A DAY'S SHOOTING WITH THE PRINCE OF SCHAUMBURG-LIPPE.

Rouen, and kept him in prison, threatening him with death; the Norman vassals of Charles revolted with English help; and John was waging war against them when he heard that the Black Prince had repeated his raid, only in the centre of France instead of the south.

At once John gave up his northern campaign and hurried to the south. Edward the Black Prince, emboldened by the security with which he had ravaged France the year before, wasted his time in taking the castle of Romorantin, and was cut off from his retreat on Guienne by John's great army, near Poitiers. The inequality of numbers was as striking as at Inkermann. John had some fifty thousand men, three thousand of them knights, and all heavy-armed. The Prince had only two thousand men-at-arms and six thousand archers and other infantry. The English forces, cut off from their retreat, were in want of provisions; they could not come out into the open without being overpowered by numbers. Had John merely blockaded his enemy, the little English force must have capitulated. Anything short of this Edward offered to the Cardinal of Périgord, who came to arrange terms; but his own surrender he refused, and the battle began.

The English were drawn up on a rising ground known significantly as Maupertuis—"the ill passo"—to which only one road led between hedges and vineyards. The other approaches were barricaded with carts; the lane was lined with archers, and a force of men-at-arms and archers was thrown forward behind a hill on the left flank of the

saw that the moment had come. "Sir, ride on, for the day is yours!" said he to the Black Prince. Edward gave the word "Forward!" and the English men-at-arms, mounting, charged down the road in turn.

Then appeared the fatal result of that order to dismount. The French men-at-arms, motionless in their heavy armour, could only await the shock of the cavalry. The Germans, still mounted, were too few; they were overborne by the Prince and their leaders slain. King John's three sons, ill-advised, fled from the fight, and the division they nominally commanded broke. The Duke of Orleans drew off his division without fighting. Only John's own part of the army held its ground, with the bravest men of the other divisions. There was no cowardice here, and this one division had twice the numbers of Edward's little force. But the lack of horses left the bold knights helpless. Shaken by the murderous flights of arrows, they were broken by the shock of the men-at-arms. Their lances, cut down to short pikes, could not reach the horsemen. Broken into little knots, they fought on, John wielding his battle-axe with the best, and his young son Philip—called "the Bold" after that day—warning him which way to turn. Near him fell the Constable of France, brave Eustace de Ribaumont, and many other nobles; many more were taken. John's soldiers broke at last, and were slaughtered up to the closed gates of Poitiers. At last, almost alone in the press, John gave his gauntlet in token of surrender to Denis of Morbecque, a banished knight of

promised a huge ransom for John, who died a prisoner with ransom unpaid.

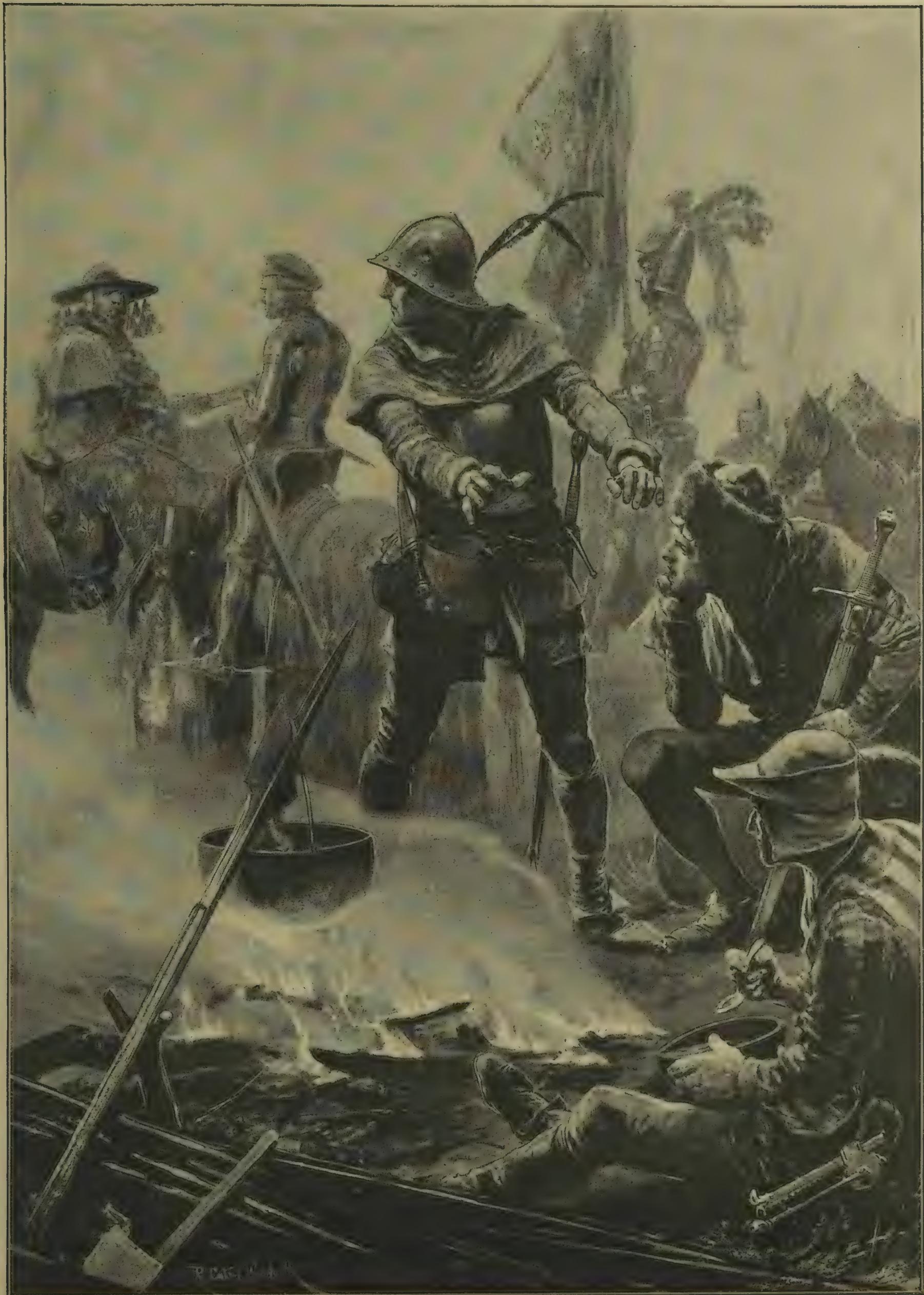
The force of natural tendencies was too great, however; Charles V., John's son, taught by misfortune, avoided battle, employed Bertrand du Guesclin and other skilled professional soldiers, and gradually won back all that John had lost. The Black Prince could win, but could not keep Aquitaine. None the less, the memory of Poitiers remained one of the glories of English arms; the greatest victory won against the heaviest odds till Agincourt came to give Poitiers a sister.

A. R. R.

GERMAN PRINCELY SPORT.

His Majesty William II., King of Prussia and German Emperor, is one of the most active men in Europe, and enjoys his full share of field and forest sports. A day's shooting this season, with the Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe, at Bückeburg, produced a magnificent "bag," if that collective appellation can be extended to such big game as deer and wild boar. We are unfurnished with a precise statistical account of its contents. The royal or imperial, grand-ducal, and other princely domains in Germany are carefully preserved, and their sylvan retreats harbour great abundance of animals tempting an expert shot. With the aid of beaters and dogs the pursuit of these is far less difficult and laborious than "stalking" on the moors of the Scottish Highlands.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. IX.—POITIERS.



THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE: EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE TAKING LEAVE OF THE CARDINAL DE PÉRIGORD.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. IX.—POITIERS.



THE LAST STAND OF KING JOHN OF FRANCE.

DRAWN BY E. CATON WOODVILLE.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. IX.—POITIERS.



"SIR, RIDE FORWARD, THE DAY IS YOURS!"—SIR JOHN CHANDOS TO EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.

MR. HUGH THOMSON'S NEW VOLUME.

Coridon's Song, and Other Verses. With an Introduction by Austin Dobson, and Illustrations by Hugh Thomson. (London: Macmillan and Co.)—This dainty volume, which will take a high place among the illustrated books of the "Cranford Series," chiefly consists of poems of wayside English life in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Although Mr. Austin Dobson introduces them with a few notes which are marked by his usual taste and discrimination, it is fair to suppose that the selection was made by the illustrator, Mr. Hugh Thomson, as specially suited to the display of his powers. Be that as it may, there can be no question of the aptness of the artist's drawings, or of the interest which they give to songs and verses over which time has long since drawn a veil. The oldest piece in their anthology is attributed to Thomas Ravenscroft—a contemporary of Shakspeare and the author of the "catch" in "Twelfth Night" which Sir Toby Belch declared would "draw three souls out of one weaver."



From "Coridon's Song, and Other Verses." (Macmillan and Co.)

In the "Freeman's Song," illustrated by Mr. Thomson, of which the refrain is "Who liveth so merry," we are introduced to various lowly callings—the sand-seller, the broom-man, the chimney-sweeper, and the cobbler, all of whom find occasion to make life merry, which the merchantman, the husbandman, and the serving-man miss. Coridon's song, to which the place of honour is assigned in this volume, came to us through Izaak Walton, and except that it is redolent of the fields and hedgerows, it has little else to recommend it to modern taste. Mr. Hugh Thomson, however, is anxious to show that he is as well acquainted with the street-life of London as with Piscator's life in the country, and by way of contrast, gives us Swift's "Morning in Town," which Addison is supposed to have sent to Steele for insertion in the *Tatler*. Here we get a pleasant, and we doubt not in the main truthful, glimpse of London as it was in the days of Queen Anne—when apprentices were more prominent in City life and bailiffs in West-End life than they now are. But the real gem of the volume, poetically and pictorially, is Gay's "Journey to Exeter"—a record of the manners of the day which well deserved to be translated into pictures. It must be admitted that in this Mr. Hugh Thomson has succeeded



From "Coridon's Song, and Other Verses." (Macmillan and Co.)

more completely than on any previous occasion, and one can almost fancy that he must by some retrospective process have managed to "kodak" the poet and his two companions (their names are unknown) who undertook this pleasure-expedition. Setting forth one Sunday morning they pass through Staines, cross by the Thames ferry, and after escaping the perils of Bagshot Heath make their first night's halt at Hartley Row, where the cyclist nowadays would search in vain for the old hostelry where the Justices met and dined, causing the landlord to

Praise their wisdom much, their drinking more.

The second day's ride brings our travellers by ill-reputed Popham Lane to Stockbridge, where "the rich metheglin" refreshed their parched tongues, but where—alas for the memory of Sir Richard Steele!—"cobblers feast three years upon one vote." The next day passing within a sight of Salisbury, whence "first came the intriguing riding-hood," they ride over—as one can to this day—long stretches of grassy glades to Blandford, of which old town Mr. Thomson has reconstructed the old inn; breaking their journey the next day at Dorchester, where Gay tells us that his companions fell fast asleep while he did trace

Their painful postures and their eyeless face, and scratched on each window-pane the name of some fair flame. Their afternoon ride took them by way of Bridport's stony lanes and Morecambe's lake, up and down a series of hills, with peeps of blue sea seen through gaps in the downs "the most beautiful to which my wandering feet have sent me," as Madame D'Arblay wrote in her diary; and at length they reach Axminster, apparently late at night, where, as we are shown, the maid, "subdued by fees," not only gives the travellers the cleanly aid of dowlas smocks, but next morning washes their travel-stained garments. It was Axminster that anticipated by nearly two centuries the "lady barber," who must have been an imposing person and apparently in much request, since we are told—

A weighty golden chain adorns her neck,
And three gold rings her skilful hand bedeck;
Smooth o'er our chin her easy fingers move,
Soft as when Venus strok'd the beard of Jove.

We regret that Mr. Thomson has not added this forerunner of her sex to his gallery of portraits, and still more that local history is silent as to her career. From Axminster, passing over ground now well known to readers of Thomas Hardy's novels and tales, the poet and his companion descend upon Ilton, where they are soon afterwards overtaken by the rain, and finally reach Exeter on the evening of the fourth day after their setting out from town. The country they traversed is among the most beautiful and most varied in England, and might command itself more to travellers on wheels and others in our own days if they could count upon the good inns and excellent cheer which Gay and his friends found on their "Journey to Exeter." In these, as in the other poems contained in this volume, Mr. Hugh Thomson's skill in drawing horses is most noticeable. His men and women often look artificial, especially when costume is made to play a too prominent part in the study, but his horses, and especially when in movement, are always real and full of life. Mr. Thomson, as might be expected, reflects the times. His art is adapted for reproduction by "processes," and he is willing to be represented by them. The result is that his work is wanting in that roundness and solidity which distinguish the old-fashioned wood-engraving of the past generation by which Leech and Doyle and Keene made themselves famous.

ART NOTES.

The Japanese seem desirous to keep themselves *en évidence* as much by the arts of peace as by those of war. Mr. Watanabe Sei-tei, who first came before the English public two years ago, has furnished materials for a third exhibition at the Japanese Gallery (28, New Bond Street), and has brought in his train a fellow-countryman, Mr. Kwaso, who also claims attention as a skilful delineator of birds and flowers. Mr. Sei-tei's distinctive quality is an appreciation of the infinite gradations of tint presented by the feathers of a bird, the scales of a fish, or the petals of a flower. In such work as that displayed in the rendering of "The Azure-winged Magpie" (43), "The Pink Cockatoo" (66), and many others, we see the latest tendencies of modern Japanese art, but it is difficult to say how far these may have been brought about by contact with Western taste. The selection of Mr. Sei-tei to decorate the ceiling panels of the new Imperial Palace at Tokio may be interpreted in various ways, but whether as a pure Japanese or as an Occidentalised one, his work is attractive and often very original. In his landscapes he rather affects strong contrasts in the mountain tones, according to their real or suggested distance, and in most of those where a lake occupies the foreground it is colourless to a curious degree. Mr. Kwaso, like some of the older Japanese artists, feels a distinct attraction to the poultry yard, and his studies of cocks and cockerels are among his best work. One other picture, "A Falcon and a Sparrow in a Shower" (47), painted with great skill, suggests the problem for naturalists to solve—whether the inclement weather will be the cause of the smaller bird's safety or destruction. The artist leaves us in doubt as to his own solution of the dilemma.

The most recent architectural additions to the Trafalgar Square district are now sufficiently exposed



From "Coridon's Song, and Other Verses." (Macmillan and Co.)

to view to enable us to judge of their value. The National Portrait Gallery is in most respects satisfactory, and, considering the restrictions imposed upon the architect by attaching the building to the National Gallery, he has given us a structure which will not be either an eyesore or a laughing-stock for future generations. Not a little credit, moreover, is due to Mr. Owen Thomas, the sculptor to whom the execution of the medallion portraits has been entrusted; and even more to the Director and the trustees, by whom the selection of the personages figured in stone was made. Over the principal entrance the place of honour is assigned to the late Earl Stanhope, to whom the National Portrait Gallery virtually owes its existence. On one side of him is the bust of Carlyle, and on the other that of Macaulay, as eminent representatives of the same generation who brought biographical history into prominence. On the north side of the entrance are the portraits of Dr. Granger, who, besides introducing into the language a word which is now associated with vandalism, was the author of a "Biographical History of England"; of William Faithorne, who has claims to



From "Coridon's Song, and Other Verses." (Macmillan and Co.)

be regarded as the father of the English school of engraving; and of Edmund Lodge, as King-at-Arms, to whom we owe the collection of "Portraits of Illustrious Persons."

The other recently disclosed building is the addition made for the United Service Museum to the Banqueting House at Whitehall. We do not know to whom this work was entrusted, but he can scarcely be credited with having been inspired with much appreciation for Inigo Jones's masterpiece. Time and London smoke will soon soften the present contrast in the stonework of the two buildings, but time will never bring them into harmony. Whatever may have been the defects of Inigo Jones's design it is not only elegant and well proportioned, but gives a sense of grandeur which few buildings of the period in this country can surpass. The nineteenth century annex can scarcely claim any of these qualities, and its general effect is rendered almost ludicrous by the open loggia, which is so constructed as not to overlook the rest of the building, but to bring the eye of the occupant on a level with the dead wall of the older building.

THE NAVAL PORTS OF CHINA.

The principal dockyards and arsenals of the Chinese Navy are established at Wei-Hai-Wei and Port Arthur (Iau Shun Kou) on the opposite sides of the entrance from the Yellow Sea into the Gulf of Pe-chi-li; at Tientsin, on the Peiho River, on the road from the seaport to Pekin; and, in the maritime provinces down the coast southward, at Shanghai, Foo-chow, Port Li, and Canton; but the latter are placed under separate naval administrations, with provincial squadrons which cannot readily co-operate with the Pei-yang fleet in defending the approach to the capital. Port Arthur, Wei-Hai-Wei, and Tientsin are the only places of importance with regard to a Japanese attack by sea, which is not likely to be directed against the treaty ports occupied by European commerce. We present a view of Wei-Hai-Wei, the position and defences of which have been described. It has already experienced a hostile reconnaissance or feigned attack by two of the enemy's cruisers; but, from all appearances, the Japanese fleet may rather be expected to direct its serious attention to the northern side of the entrance into the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, while preserving its co-operation with the Japanese land army from Corea, now invading the north-eastern province of China.

The Chinese officers state that the harbour of Wei-Hai-Wei is practically impregnable from the sea. All the forts there have recently been fully armed, and every possible landing-place in the neighbourhood has been rendered secure against a Japanese attempt by the construction of strong earthworks in addition to the standing defences. Among the guns placed in the seaward forts are twenty-four 28-centimetre breechloaders.

Port Arthur, at the extreme southern point of the Liaotung Peninsula, was formerly of little note. It afforded convenient shelter for wind-bound junks employed in carrying timber from the Yalu River to the ports on the Gulfs of Pe-chi-li and Liaotung. At that period it was merely a small village consisting of about sixty to eighty mud houses, an occasional shop, and three or four inns. Now the population is reckoned at about six thousand, exclusive of the garrison, the number of houses has been multiplied more than tenfold, and two large temples, two theatres, and several banks add attractions for the religious, the pleasure-seeking, and mercantile populations. The prosperity of the town began with the



MEAT EXTRACT TROPHY AT THE ANTWERP EXHIBITION.

determination of the authorities, in 1881, to establish a naval dockyard at the port. At first the work was entrusted to native contractors, who, however, proved to be quite incapable of carrying out so extended an undertaking, and recourse was had to foreign help. In 1887 a French company took up the contract, and in three years'

time completed the work entrusted to them. The port now includes a large refitting basin, with a depth of 25 ft. at low water. Spacious wharves and quays border this basin, and are connected with the workshops by a railway. Two docks—one 400 ft. in length and the other smaller—are here ready for the repair of ships of all sizes, from ironclads to torpedo-vessels. The foundries and workshops are constructed on the most improved models, and contain the best modern machinery. The harbour is free from ice all the winter, and is protected both on the land and sea sides by strong forts armed with modern guns of heavy calibre. Seven thousand troops, who are accoutred and drilled on the European model, garrison the fortifications, and are further assisted in the defence of the port by submarine mines and a fleet of torpedo-boats.

The repairs to Admiral Ting's squadron at Port Arthur are still far from complete. Admiral Ting has stated his intention to put to sea as soon as his vessels are ready; he will be accompanied, as before, by Captain von Hanneken.

It is officially admitted, as explanatory of China's naval inactivity, that the Chinese navy is short of shot and shell for the larger guns. Since this was ascertained the arsenals at Canton and other places have been working night and day.

THE ANTWERP EXHIBITION.

Among the features of the Antwerp Exhibition was a very fine and original monument which Liebig's Extract of Meat Company showed. The work was executed by the two famous Belgian sculptors, Mr. J. Lambaux and Mr. Jules Lagae, who managed to overcome the difficulties of combining Art with Commerce. A section of the terrestrial hemisphere—Europe and the two Americas—mounted in a frieze of choice woods and resting on a pedestal of black marble, formed the base of the structure. On this rested three arches, on each of which stood an ox of life-size, powerfully modelled in bronze. The heads of these three oxen meet together, and on their horns was a colossal and exact reproduction of the familiar jar of the Liebig Company. This, in its turn, was crowned by a bust of the famous chemist, copied from the well-known one at Munich. The monument was 25 ft. high and 20 ft. in diameter, and five trucks were required to take it from Brussels to Antwerp. It was a continual attraction to the thousands who visited the Antwerp Exhibition, and was one more proof of the enterprise of this eminent firm.

Target for Ships. Strong Forts with Heavy Guns. Arsenal and Dockyard.

Batteries.



WEI-HAI-WEI, THE CHINESE NAVAL PORT AND ARSENAL IN THE GULF OF PE-CHI-LI.

Sketch by Mr. W. G. Littlejohn, of H.M.S. "Centurion."

ROB ROY'S SONS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

People who have visited the roofless walls or Rob Roy's cottage, in a secluded glen near Inveraray, see nothing but the remains of a tiny Highland shieling; yet here, during part of his adventurous life, Rob must have reared his shady brood—a set of fine, bold, false, uncompromising scoundrels, only redeemed by physical courage and domestic affection. They were brave and they stood by each other; for the rest, McGregor, in their case, was synonymous with black and brutal treachery. When, centuries before, the very name of McGregor was proscribed, many of the sons of Alpine moved south, and, as "Grieves," became *douce Border farmers*; as "Greigs" flourished in divers ways. But those who stayed, fighting and plundering, in the North developed the cunning and unscrupulousness of the savage. Rob Roy's sons were far worse fellows than Rob, himself a thief and a turn-coat partisan. They were *hostes humani generis*, their hand against every man's hand—life to them a hunt, where they pursued, pulled down, slew, and devoured.

James More McGregor, or Drummond, was not the eldest, but the leading scoundrel of the gang. Of the eldest, Coll, we know nothing, little of Duncan, of Ronald, only that he was of milder mood, and accessible to pity. Robin Oig, at about the age of sixteen, began his public career by an agrarian outrage. One McLaren was a "land-grabber," that is, rented land which the McGregors wanted. Robin, therefore, being a mere boy, shot McLaren, characteristically "in the legs," and the man died. Robin was regarded as only the instrument of James, who was also charged with stealing a cow, and with prison-breaking, also with the Irish offence of houghing cattle. It is all very like what happens in Ireland. Robin fled, and was outlawed; James proved an alibi, Ronald either was not or could not be shown to be an accessory to the murder. Robin fled to France, and is said to have fought at Fontenoy; James was acquitted, and in the Forty-five displayed the most distinguished valour and conduct at Preston Pans (where he received five wounds) and at Culloden. He was attainted, but lived at large, and, on Dec. 8, 1750, aided the miscreant Robin in forcibly carrying off and marrying Mrs. Key, a young widow, aged only nineteen. Not till May 1753 was Rob arrested on this charge; James was tried in Edinburgh during July 1752.

Mrs. Key lived in her own house at Edinbelly, in Stirlingshire. Robin, now a man of thirty-two, entered her house with his brothers and a large company, by night, dragged Mrs. Key forth, threw her across a horse, led her from place to place, made her go through some kind of wedding ceremony, and made her his wife in the

second month of her widowhood. Mrs. Key managed to put herself within the protection of the law, and, in May 1751, was examined before the Lord Justice Clerk. She died before the trial of James, outworn, as it seems, by her adventures and her constant state of terror. She declared that she was never a consenting party to the marriage, that she was under threats and violence, and was hurried up and down from one place of concealment to another against her will. Friendly witnesses deposed to her distress and subsequent mental disorder.

On the other hand, several witnesses swore that, though the wooing was rough, the bride was willing. Gilbert

As to James More, Mr. William Baird, of Glasgow, said that James, in a discussion, observed to him, "Do you impeach my honour?" The worthy compatriot of Bailie Nicol Jarvie replied "that he had never heard of it; but they had a saying in Glasgow that honesty was the best policy." James was found guilty, with extenuating circumstances, based on Mrs. Key's subsequent acquiescence. The jury's object was to remove James from peril of capital punishment. But as readers of "Catriona" know, James escaped from Edinburgh Castle, with or without connivance of the Government. He fled, and in Cumberland met one Marshall, a friendly gipsy, by whose aid he escaped to the Isle of Man. He thence made his way to France, applied in vain to Prince Charles, and instantly sold himself as a spy to the English Government. He gave the information which led to the capture and execution, in 1753, of the gallant and gentle brother of Lochiel, Archibald Cameron. Soon after he died, I am not sorry to say, in disgrace and distress, leaving thirteen children. As for Robin Oig, he was caught and tried, in July 1753, for his old original agrarian outrage, and also for the abduction of Mrs. Key. A verdict of "Guilty" was returned, and on Feb. 10, 1754, poor Robin, "very genteelly dressed, and reading in a volume of Gother's works," was led to the gibbet, where he announced himself as "an unworthy member of the Church of Rome." His "misfortunes" he attributed to his "swerving two or three years ago" (when Prince Charles also swerved) "from that communion." However, he had not "swerved" when he shot McLaren! Robin's body was conveyed by his friends to the Highlands, and so ends the known part of the history of the sons of Rob Roy. Coll is lucky, as is Duncan, in having no history.



"CINDERELLA."—BY W. V. SCHWILL.

By permission of the Photographic Union, Munich.

McAlpine, of Blairvockie, saw Mrs. Key bow her assent to the passages in the wedding service. She kissed him, as a kinsman of her rude bridegroom's. She leaned her head affectionately on Robin's shoulder: she regretted the delayed arrival of the minister who united them. Blairvockie's daughter, who acted as bridesmaid, said that the bride "seemed very well content," and sat up in bed to drink the health of the company. Blairvockie's wife swore that Mrs. Key "showed as great willingness as any woman she ever saw."

On the whole, it is very likely that Mrs. Key did not know her own mind, that she was not so sorely displeased by her Highland wooing, and that she altered her disposition afterwards, under pressure from her Lowland kindred, interested in the poor girl's inheritance.

The Duchess of Bedford opened the Bethnal Green Girls' Evening Home at 94, Collingwood Street, Bethnal Green. It is in connection with the Recreative Evening Schools Association. a work which has long had the interest and support of the Duchess. After a graceful speech, followed by the formal declaration that the home was open, Mrs. H. J. Nicolson, the secretary, addressed the meeting. She estimated that there were at present 250,000 factory girls in London, and pleaded for more assistance in brightening and protecting their lives. The Duchess, in response to a hearty vote of thanks, invited the girls to spend a day at her cottage in the country. Subscriptions and donations amounting to about £22 were received during the evening, including £5 from the Duchess of Bedford and £2 from the owners of the room. The treasurer of the Girls' Evening Home is Miss E. M. Hardy, 56, Bodney Road, Hackney Downs, N.E., who will be glad to receive contributions and subscriptions.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 8, 1887) and codicils of Mrs. Yolande Marie Louise Lyne Stephens (widow), of Roehampton, Surrey, Lynford Hall, Norfolk, and the Champs Elysées, Paris, have been proved at the sum of £647,758 19s. 7d. personalty, with realty valued at £57,210. The residuary estate of her late husband, Mr. Stephens Lyne Stephens, who died in 1860, which, under his will, on Mrs. Lyne Stephens' death, becomes divisible among the issue of certain of the uncles of her late husband, is stated to be of the value of £1,057,430 9s. 10d. The executors are Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P., Mr. Harry Alexander Claremont, Mr. Joseph Gurney Fox, and Mr. Horace N. Pym. After numerous legacies to her friends, executors, and servants, she bequeaths, free of duty, £1000 each to the Roman Catholic Orphanage (Norwood), the Little Sisters of the Poor of St. Peter's House (South Lambeth), the Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows, the Little Sisters of Nazareth (Hammersmith), the Norwich Hospital, the Hospital for Women (Soho Square), and the Johnson Fund for the Sick and Disabled Clergy of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Northampton; £2000 to the St. Francis Home for Orphan Boys (Shefford, Bedfordshire); £5000 each to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark and the Roman Catholic Bishop of Northampton; and £5000 to the Bishop of Northampton and the Rev. Canon Scott, priest in charge of the Roman Catholic Church of Our Lady of the Assumption and the English Martyrs, built by Mrs. Lyne Stephens (Cambridge), for the sustentation of the Church. The residue of her real and personal estate is strictly settled upon Mr. Harry Alexander Claremont and his children, who, it is desired by the testatrix, shall bear and

assume the arms and name of Lyne Stephens. By her French will, Mrs. Lyne Stephens bequeaths to the National Gallery three very choice pictures, and to the South Kensington Museum some rare pieces of old furniture and china.

The will (dated Feb. 19, 1891) of Mr. Francis Vincent Eck, of 58, Cleveland Square, Hyde Park, and of the Stock Exchange, who died on Sept. 15, was proved on Oct. 8 by Francis James Eck and Augustus John Shortgrave Eck, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £306,000. The testator bequeaths 150 shares in the London Stock Exchange, £242 annuity B of the East Indian Railway, and £5000 to his son, Mr. A. J. S. Eck; £20,000 each to his sons, Mr. F. J. Eck and Mr. Vincent Frederick Eck; £3000 each to his sons-in-law, Francis Stephen Ferrier and Osborne Edward Dawson; £17,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters, Louisa Georgina Ferrier and Alice Maud Dawson, their husbands and children; and other pecuniary and specific legacies to sons, daughters, grandchildren, nephews, nieces, and others. He also bequeaths £500 each to the Swiss Church, Endell Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, and St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington; and £200 to the London Orphan Asylum, Watford. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one fourth to his son, Augustus John Shortgrave; and three fourths between his sons, Francis James and Vincent Frederick, and his said two sons-in-law in equal shares.

The will (dated June 10, 1893), with a codicil (dated Dec. 6 following), of Mr. Christopher Maling Webster, D.L., J.P., of Pallion Hall, in the county of Durham, who died on Aug. 17, was proved on Sept. 21 by Mrs. Mary Webster, the widow, Ernest Alfred Webster, the son,

Mrs. Amy Burden Habershon, the daughter, and Thomas Barracough, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £257,000. The testator devises the Pallion Hall estate, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his son Ernest Alfred; the Deptford estate, Bishopswarmouth, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then, upon further trusts, for his son Henry; and the Whitehouse farm estate, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then, upon further trusts, for his son Walter Francis. He bequeaths his wines, consumable stores, horses and carriages, to his wife; his furniture, plate, pictures, and household effects, to his wife, for life, and then to be divided between his children Ernest Alfred, Henry, Walter Francis, Edith, Frances Alice, and Amy Burdon; £35,000, upon trust, for each of his sons Henry and Walter Francis; and £7000 each, upon trust, for the children of his daughter Mary Young. As to the residue of his property, he leaves four thirteenths to his son Ernest Alfred; and three thirteenths each, upon trust, for his daughters Mrs. Edith Fenton, Mrs. Frances Alice Oswald, and Mrs. Amy Burdon Habershon.

The will (dated Sept. 26, 1892) of the Rev. William Bentinck Lethem Hawkins, of 33, Bryanston Square, who died on Aug. 31 at Lewell Lodge, Knighton, Dorchester, was proved on Oct. 3 by Dr. Charles Theodore Williams, M.D., the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £154,000. The testator leaves £2000 to the Poor Clergy Corporation; £1000 each to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the National Society for the Education of the Poor, and the Church Defence Institution; £500 to the Dorset County Hospital; all his lands and hereditaments in the parish of Corcombe, Dorset, and £15,000 to his relative Edward Wilmot

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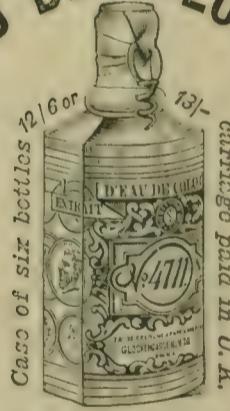
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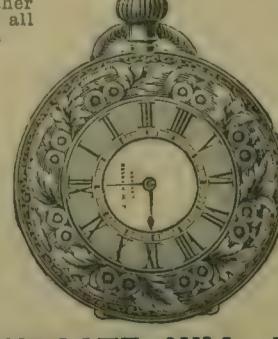
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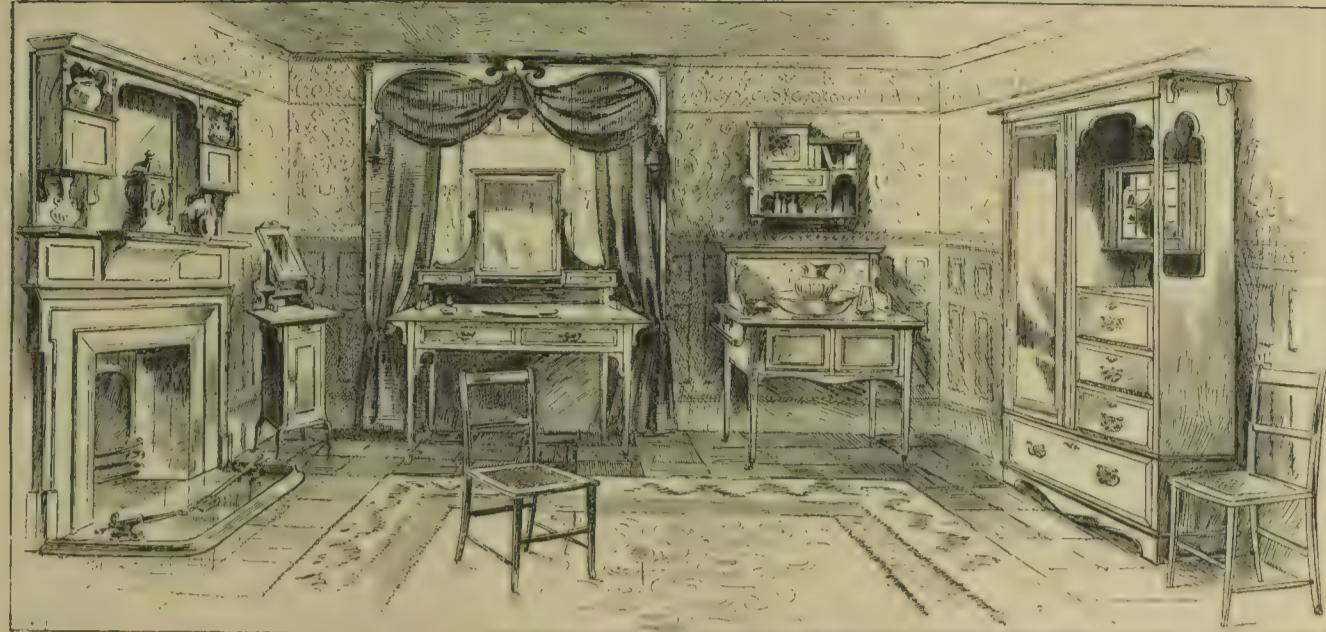
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Williams; £8000 Two-and-Three-Quarter Per Cent. Consolidated stock to Mrs. Ranies; and other large legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his brother Dr. Francis Bisset Hawkins.

The will of Mr. Robert Pringle Stuart, formerly of Pallanza, Lago Maggiore, and late of the Spa Hotel, Tunbridge Wells, who died on July 7, was proved on Oct. 2 by Franklin Richardson Kendall, Herbert Basil Jupp, and the Rev. William Theodore Jupp, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to upwards of £12,000. The testator bequeaths all his household furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Ellen Lydia Stuart; and £50 each to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life. At her death he directs legacies of £500 each to be paid to his nephews Clarendon Stuart and Frederick Garling Stuart, and his great-niece, Mrs. Louisa Denne; and the remainder of the said residue held, upon further trusts, for his said two nephews for their lives and for the life of the survivor of them. On the death of the survivor he further bequeaths £5000 to be paid out of such part of his property only as by law is applicable to charitable bequests, to the trustees of the Pusey Memorial Fund, to be held by them upon trust for the promotion of the study of Catholic theology and the inculcation of doctrine as set forth in the liturgies of the primitive Church, as well as the study of the ancient Fathers of the Church prior to the separation of East and West, and also as supplementary

in accordance to the teaching of the late Dr. E. B. Pusey. The testator then states that he is desirous of promoting the study of Catholic theology as set forth in the ancient liturgies of the primitive Church, as well as the study of the writings of the early Fathers of the Church, prior to the separation of East and West as illustrating and confessing the Catholic faith held by the undivided Church, and also of the writings of the Rev. John Keble. He therefore bequeaths out of such part of his estate only as by law is applicable to charitable bequests, £3000 to the Warden, Council, and Scholars of Keble College, Oxford, to be applied to and for the objects lastly mentioned. The ultimate residue of his property he gives to the Warden, Council, and Scholars of Keble College, to be applied for such of the purposes of the said college as they in their absolute discretion shall think proper.

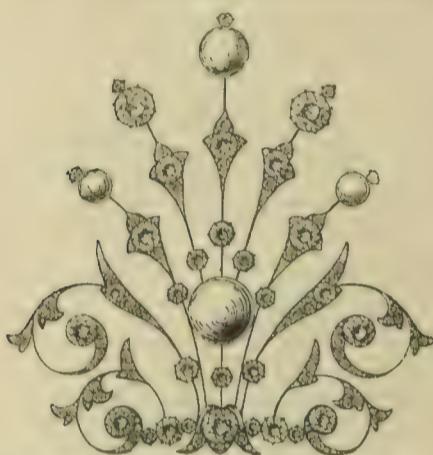
The will (dated June 18, 1881), with three codicils (dated Feb. 14, 1889, Feb. 4, 1893, and July 18, 1894), of Mr. William Kelly, of Ivy Lodge, Alexandra Road, Knighton, Leicester, who died on Aug. 23, was proved at the Leicester District Registry on Sept. 28 by Samuel Francis Stone, George Toller, and Charles Henton Wood, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5250. The testator bequeaths some pictures, books, &c., to the Leicester Art Gallery and the Leicester Public Library; there are also specific bequests of Masonic jewels and clothing to Masonic lodges and officers; and many other legacies. The residue of his property, subject to the payment of a sum not exceeding £100 per annum for the

maintenance and support of Laura Baxter, he leaves to the master, assistants, chaplain, and poor of the Hospital of the Holy Trinity, Newarke, the income to be applied in paying the same weekly sums as to the other hospitallers, to poor and aged men and women, preference being given, in the case of men, to candidates who have been subscribing members of lodges of Freemasonry in Leicester, and in the case of women, to candidates who are the widows of subscribing members of lodges of Freemasonry in Leicester, and to be called respectively "William Kelly's Almsmen" and "Priscilla Kelly's Almswomen."

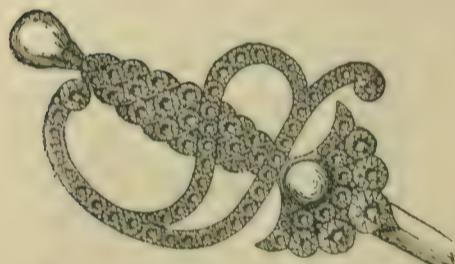
The will of Mr. William Beard, J.P., of The Hollies, St. Catherine's, Lincoln, one of the Aldermen for the same city, who died on July 27, was proved at the Lincoln District Registry on Sept. 24 by Thomas Martin and James Manning Read, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5789.

The will of Rear-Admiral Henry Nelson Hippisley, retired R.N., of the Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall, who died on Aug. 6 at 60, Camden Square, was proved on Sept. 29 by Edward Fox Mogg and Charles Whitbread Graham, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5221.

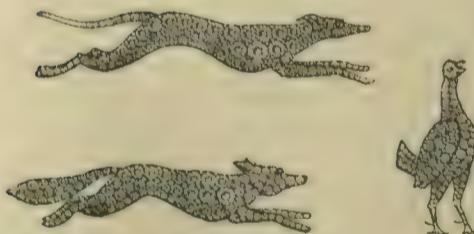
The meetings of the Congregational Union at Liverpool are considered to have been unusually successful. The meetings were very largely attended, and no unfortunate incident marred the proceedings. It is complained, however, that hospitality was less abundant than usual.



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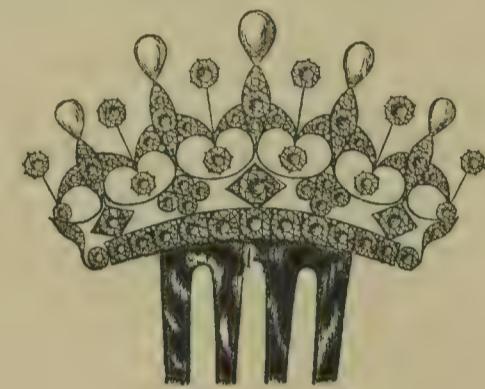
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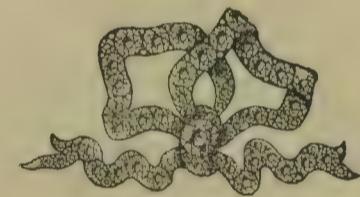


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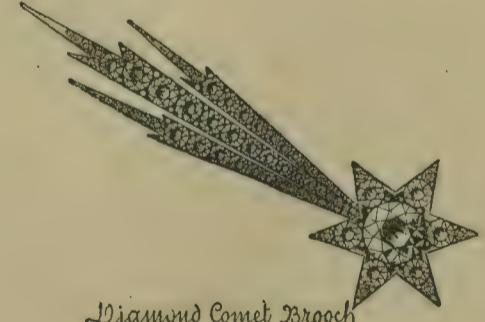
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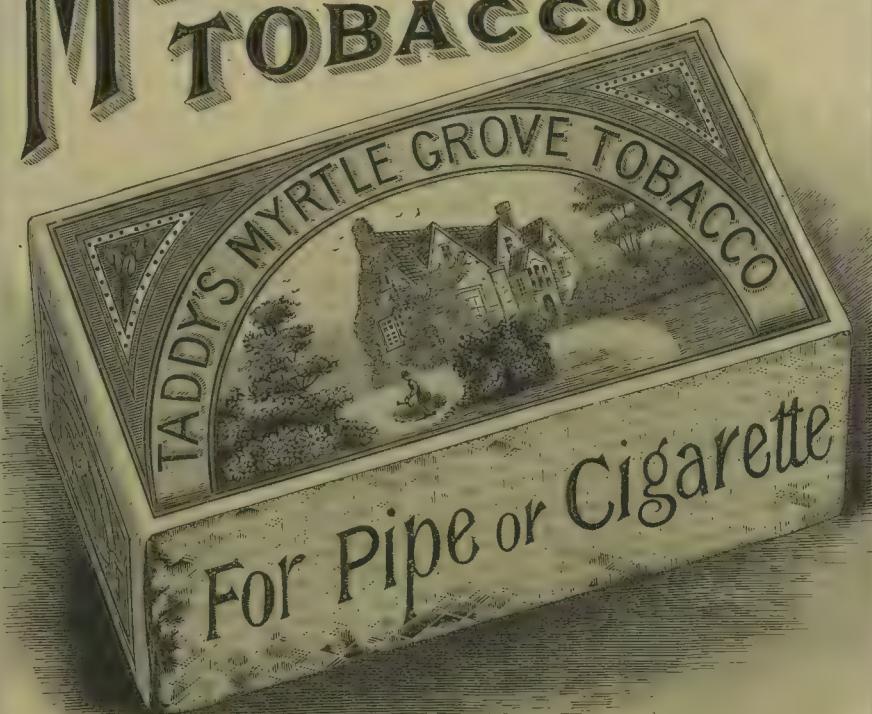
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OBITUARY.

EARL GREY.

The Right Hon. Sir Henry George Grey, K.G., G.C.M.G., D.C.L., Earl Grey, Viscount Howick, and Baron Grey, of Howick, in the county of Northumberland, and a baronet, died on Oct. 9. He was the eldest son of the second Earl Grey, the famous Whig Prime Minister, and was born on Dec. 28, 1802. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, simply graduating M.A., without honours. He entered the House of Commons as member for Winchelsea; in 1830 he was returned for Higham Ferrers, and in the following year for Northumberland; and, after the Reform Bill, for the northern division of the county; latterly he represented Sunderland. He was Secretary of State for the Colonies 1846-52. He succeeded his father in the peerage July 17, 1845. He married Aug. 9, 1832, Maria, daughter of Sir Joseph Copley, Bart., of Sprotborough, who died Sept. 14, 1879. The late Peer was Lord Lieutenant for Northumberland 1847-77. He is succeeded



by his nephew, Mr. Albert H. G. Grey, who was born in 1851. The new Earl married in 1877 a daughter of Mr. Stayner Holford, of Westonbirt. He was M.P. for South Northumberland 1880-85, and for the Tyneside division of the county 1885-86.

SIR JOHN ASTLEY, BART.

Sir John Dugdale Astley, third Baronet, of Everley, in the county of Wilts, died on Oct. 10. He was born Feb. 19, 1828, and married May 22, 1858, Eleanor Blanche Mary, only child of Mr. T. E. Corbett, of Elsham Hall, Lincolnshire. He served in the Crimea in the Scots Fusiliers Guards, of which he became lieutenant-colonel. He represented North Lincolnshire in Parliament 1874-80. He succeeded his father in the baronetcy July 23, 1873, and is succeeded by his eldest son, Captain Francis Edmund George Astley Corbett, who was born Feb. 6, 1859. The new Baronet married June 5, 1882, Gertrude Augusta, daughter of the third Earl of Yarborough.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Miss Olive Talbot, an extremely generous benefactor of the Church in Wales, recently.

Dr. William Moon, a great benefactor to the blind as the inventor of "Moon's system" of printing, on Oct. 10, aged seventy-five. Having lost his sight in 1840, he

turned his attention to those who were in the same plight, and founded an asylum at Brighton. His method by which the blind were enabled to read with greater ease was adapted to over four hundred languages.

The Right Hon. John Sidney North, who for thirty-three years represented Oxfordshire in Parliament, on Oct. 11, aged ninety. He was the son of Lieut.-General Sir Charles William Doyle, C.B., and married Lady Susan North, who in 1841 became Baroness North in her own right. He took the name of North in lieu of Doyle in 1838. In 1886 he was appointed a Privy Councillor.

Mr. George Bullen, whose face was familiar to most frequenters of the British Museum, on Oct. 10, aged seventy-seven.

Professor John Nichol, Emeritus Professor of English in Glasgow University, on Oct. 11, aged sixty-one. For twenty-seven years he was a Professor, and wrote a large number of books, including a Life of Carlyle, a Sketch of Robert Burns, and a Biography of Byron, as well as articles in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica."

Major-General D. D. Swinburne, who served through the Indian Mutiny with the 83rd Regiment, on Oct. 9, aged sixty-eight.

Admiral Thomas Wilson, C.B., on Oct. 11, aged eighty-three.

Dr. H. N. Van der Tuuk, the greatest Malayan scholar of the century, recently.

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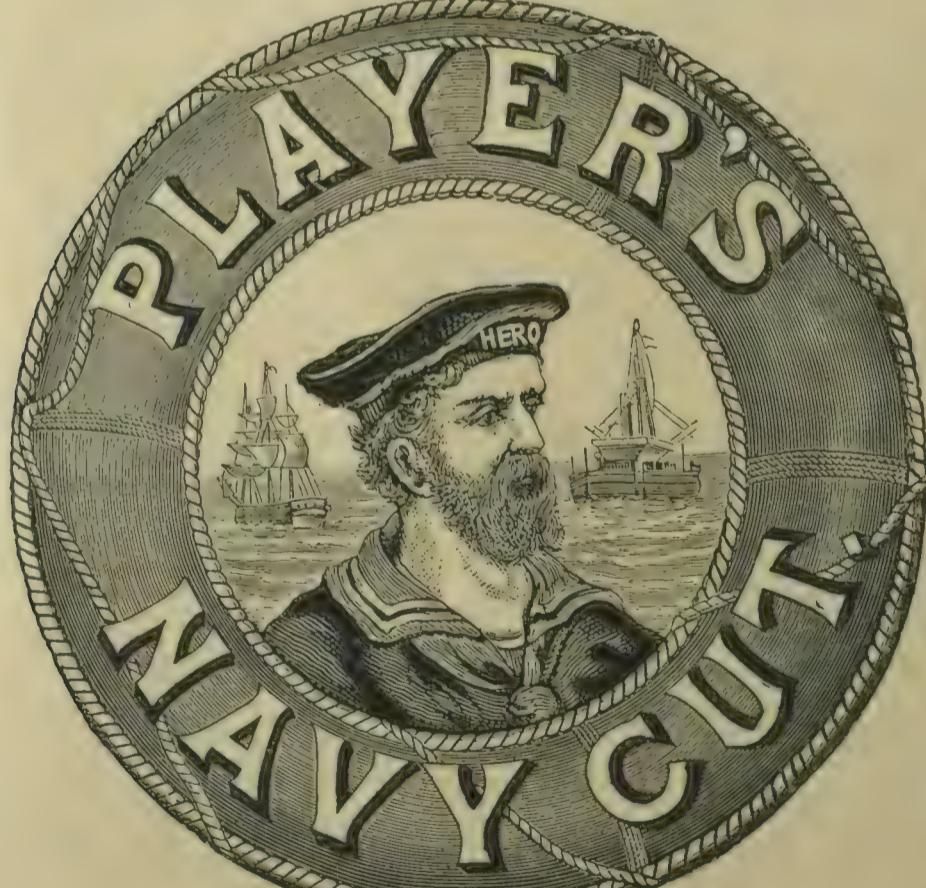
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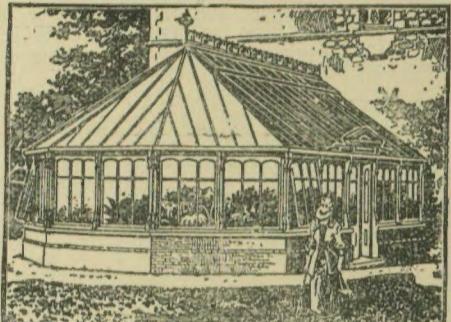
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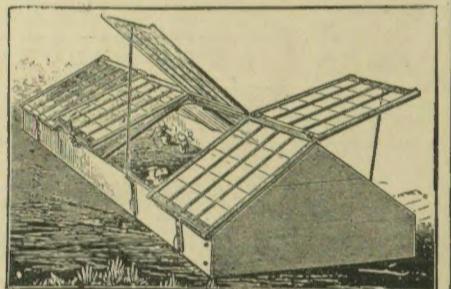
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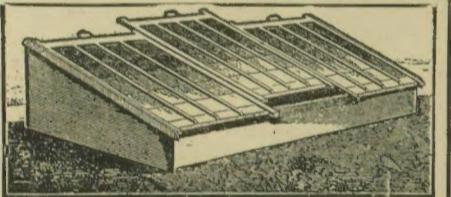
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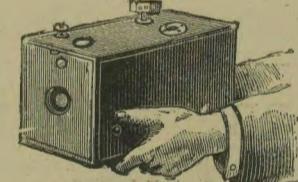
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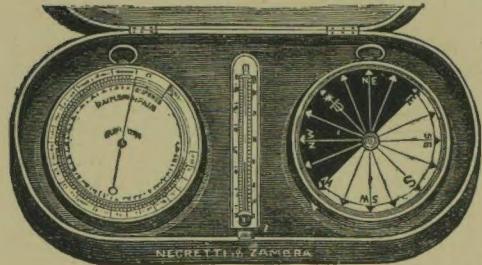
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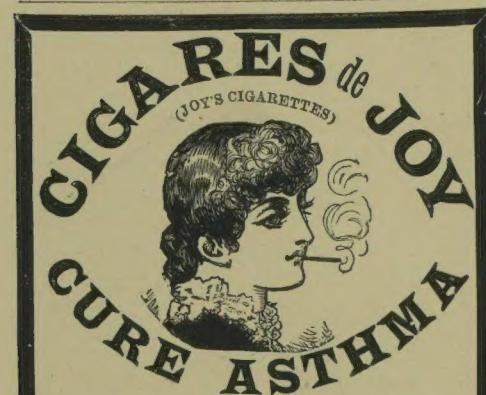
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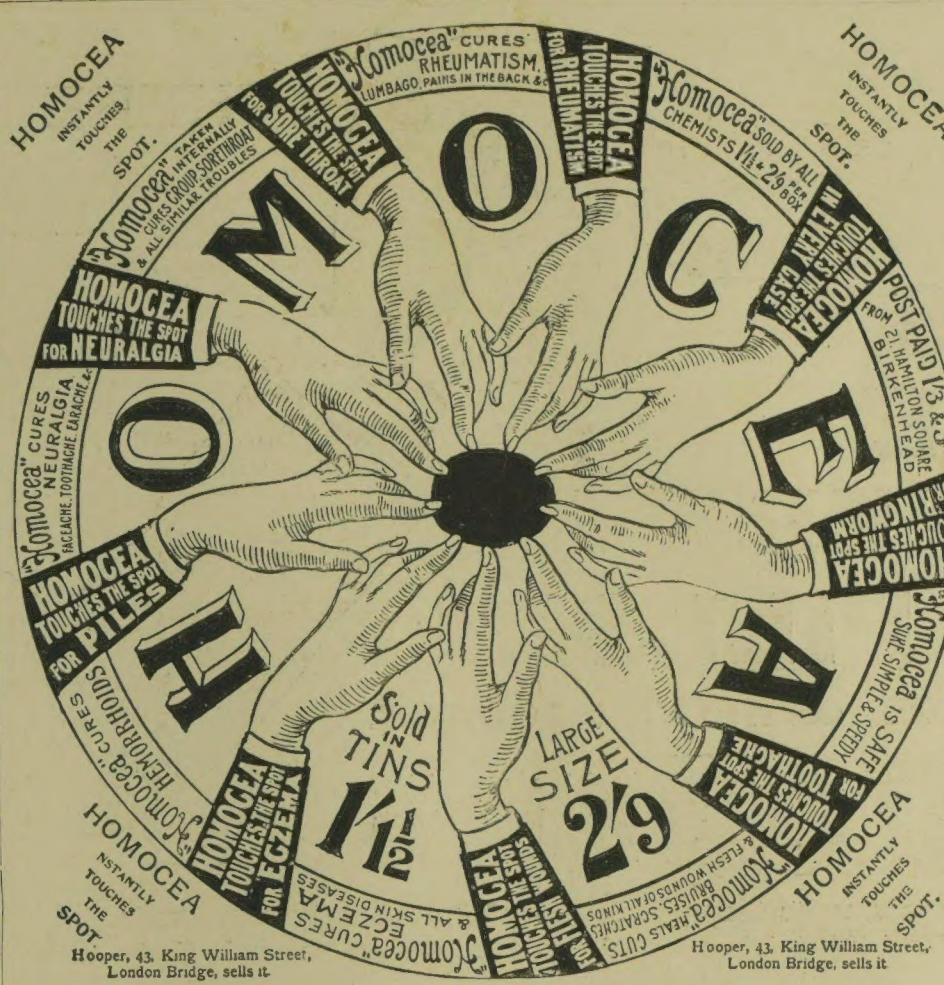
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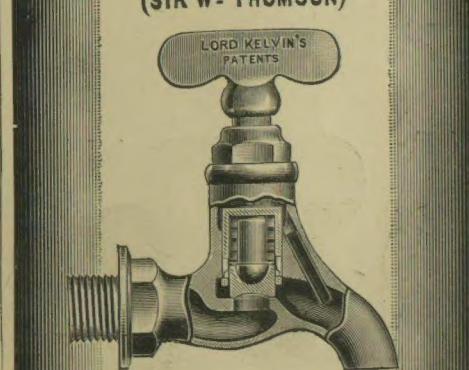
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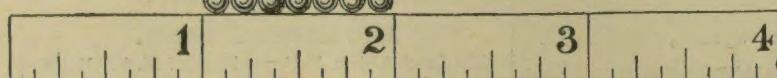
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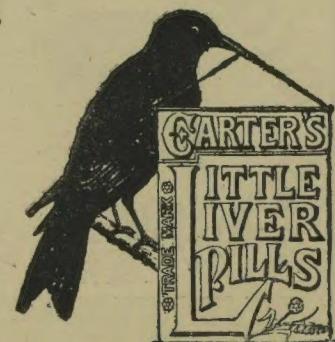


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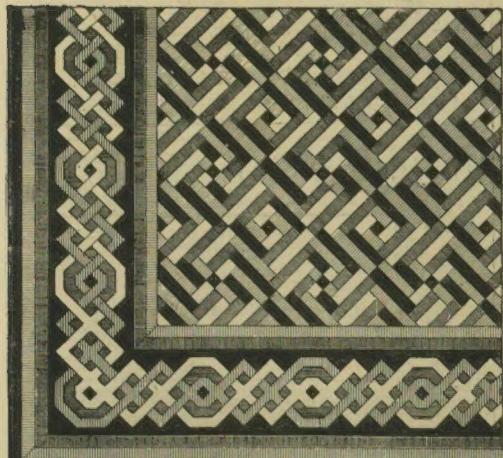
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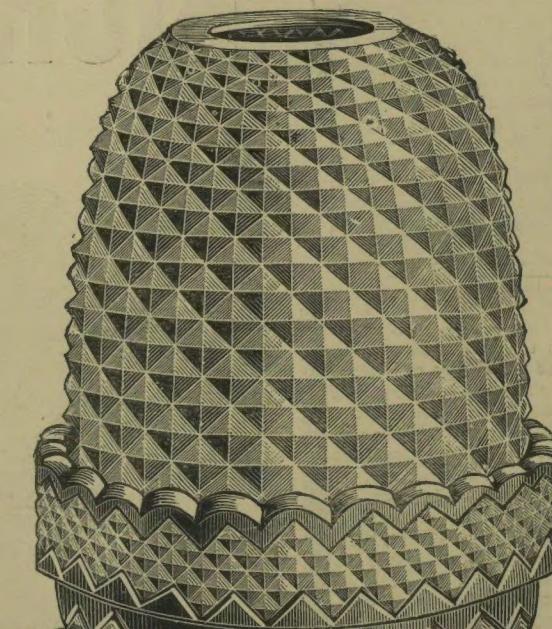
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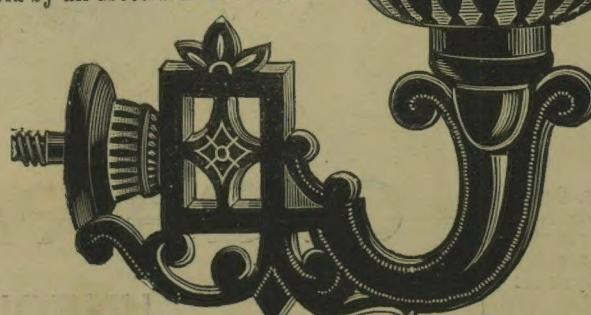
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